



02193
THE DEADLY
HANDS OF
KUNG FU
FEB. No 9
75¢

NO MAN CAN STAND AGAINST...

THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU™

AND THE SAMURAI SAYS "DEATH!"

CAN EVEN THE
SON OF
FU MANCHU
SURVIVE
"THE
CONTEST
OF TRUTH!"

SHANG-CHI, SONS OF THE TIGER,
AND MORE FURIOUS FISTS,
FEATURES AND PHOTOS
THAN EVER!

MARVEL



Chinese Kung Fu, Southern Style

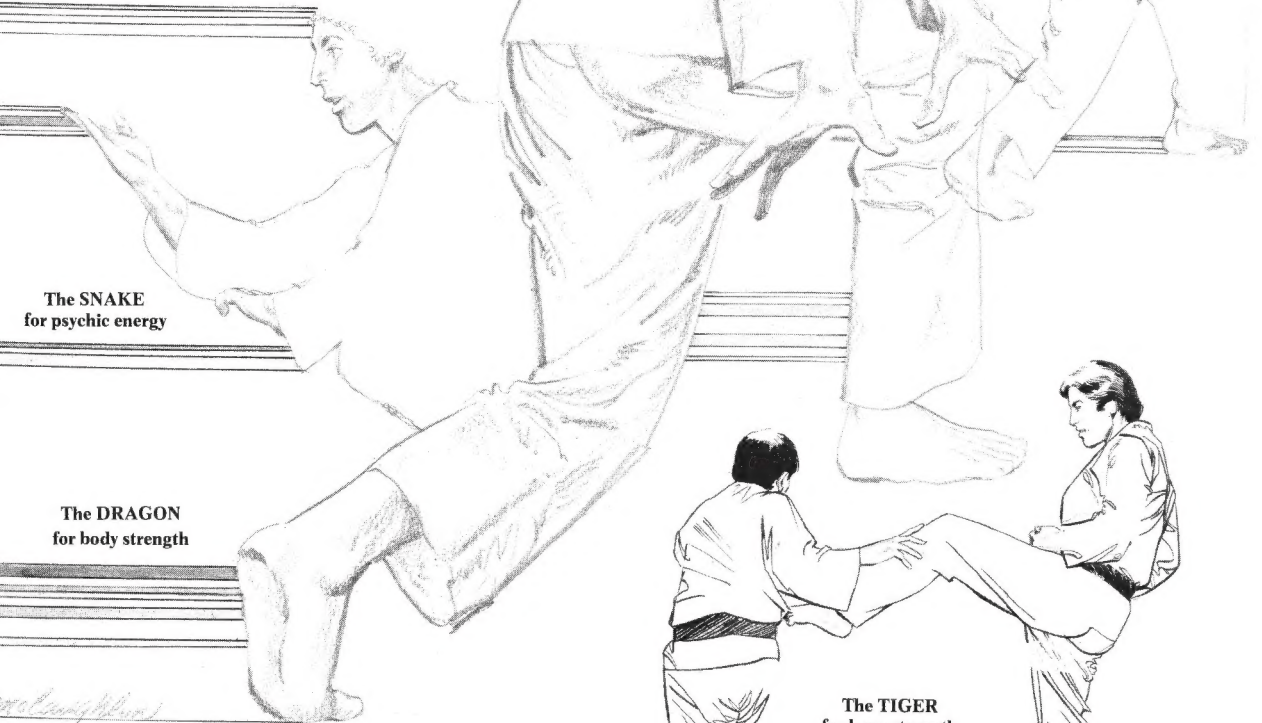
The seed of a new person is realized in mastering the southern Chinese "soft" style of Oriental Martial Arts, which involves a lot of circular rather than linear motions, and whose strength and perception flows from an inner source developed by mind/body discipline. This unites the physical body with psychic energy and directs it as a single force. It enables you to accomplish feats of strength and self-defense which amaze the uninitiated, but are viewed as commonplace among those who have come to realize their own potential.

The soft circular forms of the southern Chinese schools are based on the forms and principles of five animals:



The CRANE
for sinew and hidden strength

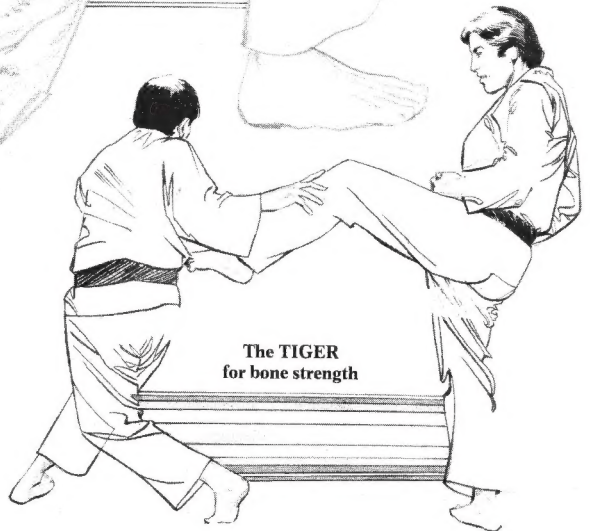
The LEOPARD
for inner and
outer strength



The SNAKE
for psychic energy

The DRAGON
for body strength

The TIGER
for bone strength



STAN LEE presents THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU™

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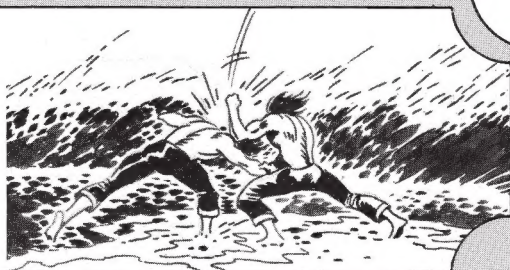
ROY THOMAS
Editor Emeritus

MASTER OF KUNG FU: A CONTEST OF TRUTH!

by Doug Moench, Mike Vosburg &
Jack Abel

Shang-Chi becomes enmeshed in a grim
morality play on a desolate sea-scape!

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SONS OF THE TIGER: SLAUGHTER IN CENTRAL PARK!

by Bill Mantlo, George Perez &
Mike Esposito

Bludgeoning battle as Lin Sun fights
alone—without the Tiger Sons!

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Dear Gang:

I have finally found the Way.

DEADLY HANDS #6 in other words. It was beautiful. Sons of the Tiger has flourished, blossomed into an exciting, tight strip, in which the three main characters are finally distinct from each other. I mean it; all aspects are INCREDIBLE! The action just **HITS** you full in the face!

The letters and editorial comments are always a treat. These typify Marvel's unique approach to its readers—you CARE, you LISTEN, you RESPOND.

One gripe. Please leave out movie reviews—I can't even read them anymore. Rather, informative text features, plus articles and illustrations on martial arts methods should be expanded. Frank McLaughlin has never bored me—I find myself actually practicing techniques!

"How To Create a Dragon" was fascinating. The italicized opening made me believe it was "another movie review," but no, it was **excellent**. Ron Wilson helps (helps?! He's a genius!), too. Needless to say, is there any way at all to buy the rights to DRAGON'S FISTS? If not in comic form, maybe text fiction? Please?

And now, climax, I believe "Lesson of the Locust" to be Shang-Chi's most **human** adventure yet. By that, I mean he actually experienced a much **fuller** repertoire of emotions: chagrin (p. 43), "mild interest" in the opposite sex (p. 45), anger, stark, staring, **rightful** anger throughout. Yet, his dialogue fits perfectly with his facial expressions, the supporting cast was pictured with real insight. I felt as if I was in Shang-Chi's head, fury rising in my throat by the bottom of page 56. I liked it, I guess. But bring Shang-Chi back to New York!! And face front, you marvelous maniacs.

Christopher T. Lake
Box C-96 The Fenway
Boston, Mass. 02115

The wind whispers of jasmine and apricot, Chris, as beautiful Bill Mantlo (now the regular scripter on **SONS OF THE TIGER**) whispers to us that the Tiger Sons will continue to develop as characters, even as the plots and excitement **INCREASE**—if you can believe all that. And if you've been following the feature since #6, then we **KNOW** you can't help BUT believe it.

And yeah, we were pretty impressed by Ron Wilson's illustration for the "Dragon" article, too, which is why we had him do a charcoal rendering of Shang-Chi for next issue. It's worth waiting for!

That aforementioned wind is now whispering of a

delightful—if not exactly Oriental—macaroni dinner, so pardon us if we take a break (meanwhile, a cryptic message about an unusual item which we'd been totally unaware of:)

Dear Marvel:

Just thought you'd like to know there is a song out called "Fu Manchu." It's in French, written and sung by Robert Charlebois, and lasts more than five minutes. I think it's great, but don't take my word for that—get it!

Larry Mitchell
Box 533
Brooks, Alberta
Canada

Dear People:

In my estimation **DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #6** was one of the worst black-and-white magazines you have ever produced. A complete, blanket condemnation is almost warranted.

1. The cover depicted slaughter rather than conflict. Yawn. And when I saw the cover credited to Earl Norem rather than Bob Larkin, I had my first inkling that this issue was in trouble.

2. **Sons of the Tiger** had slightly better writing and slightly worse art than previously. The combined effect was simply to keep one of the silliest series in comics rolling along on about the same level.

3. The Bruce Lee feature didn't give me much, save for a couple of stills I hadn't seen earlier. The fact that you've already given us two or three reviews of the same movie (**ENTER THE DRAGON**) spotlights the fact that few of these movies are worth reviewing. Their only redeeming features are the flying fists and feet, and these are often marred. Still, there is some hope here. I understand that former "James Bond," George Lazenby, has made a Kung Fu film called **STONER**, and that American karaketa Joe Lewis may be making a film with Japan's samurai star Toshiro Mifune. Also, that Charles Bronson might appear with Korea's respected Byong Yu. Any word you may have on these films would be appreciated by me.

4. The one feature I did enjoy was the behind-the-scenes look at creating a book, by Jim Dennis. I almost always find such articles interesting.

5. The Shang-Chi story was without impact. The art was average, while the story alternated between discount philosophy and agonizing predictability. Also, some of the printing was smudged to the point where I could not read it, which did not increase my appreciation any.

6. Shang-Chi appears too often. You cite demand as a reason for this, yet in a recent issue of Conan you listed the five most popular of your color titles, and Shang-Chi was nowhere in evidence. I think this series would be helped if you cut back on the production—28 appearances a year is a bit much. I would have been happy with 6, if they could have approached the level of the first two color episodes.

So there it is. Better luck next time—really.

William Miles
440 Garfield Avenue
Eau Claire, Wisconsin 54701

Our apologies to both Earl Norem and Bob Larkin for what longtime Marvelites will recognize as another in a never-ending series of boneheaded boo-boos from your beleaguered Bullpen. Fortunately, Bob's signature was clearly visible on the cover painting itself, thus averting what otherwise might have been a far more serious error. The only explanation we can offer is that everyone here at Marvel, for whatever arcane and unfathomable reason, eventually becomes afflicted with a terminal case of **ERRORUS MARVELUS**—and that month it was editor Tony Isabella's turn to mess up.

Of course, that wasn't our **ONLY** mildly magnificent Marvel mistake for **DEADLY HANDS #6**. 'No. If it were, we might be able to shrug it off with a nimble contortion of our oiled, well-trained, tanned-yet-muscular bodies, but we've **ALSO** apologies to profer to John David Warner (who just recently joined the Bullpen as an assistant editor). You see, his mini-review of **ENTER THE DRAGON** was written simultaneously with Dauntless Don McGregor's massive three-part analysis of that film; in other words, it was written without any knowledge of the fact that the film would be quite extensively examined in these pages by Don.

Thus, when J. David realized what had happened, he immediately prepared an alternate section meant to replace the now-repetitious portion about **ENTER THE DRAGON**. However, someplace between here and there, something went wrong—and, too late, it was discovered that the version in print was the wrong one! Alas, the best-laid plans of mice and karateka oft go astray, and this was one of those times. We weren't intentionally trying to repeat ourselves like that, Bill.

And we're sorry you felt we didn't quite come up to par on issue #6. We hope that subsequent issues have managed to please you, but, curiously—as we're so fond of pointing out—there's very rarely a unanimous feeling on the part of our fans about such a subject; for instance, Chris Lake and Tom Jewitt have letters elsewhere on these pages expressing a diametrically opposed viewpoint. We could go into a lot of obscure semantics and esoteric soliloquies at this point, but frankly, Bill, such pandemonious philosophizing is difficult on a bellyful of macaroni. So excuse us please if we just bang a gong and begone.

BONNGGG!



READERS' FORUM

Dear Sirs:

I feel that what Austin Camacho had to say in #6 about getting rid of Bruce Lee articles and features was at fault: I know that others will think that I'm just another one of those Bruce Lee fanatics for saying this, but I feel that Marvel has only touched on the subject; as I see it, Marvel could probably fill several magazines, if you did enough research on this man. I'm sure there are others who read your magazines, who are hoping for a special issue on Bruce Lee.

Until Shang-Chi finds a **ninja** lurking in his **maypo**, make mine Marvel!

Tony Hamilton
347 Roehampton Avenue
Toronto, Canada

P.S. I must confess, I'm a Bruce Lee fanatic.

Call off the flailing fists and fevered feet, people! We've **NO** intention of discontinuing articles on Bruce Lee; in fact, if anything, we'd like to **INCREASE** them—since, judging by the muleloads of mail that've been coming our way in the past few months, that's what the majority of you Marvelites **WANT**. And we aim to please. We printed Austin Camacho's letter merely as a record of his opinions, in the same way that we've printed your letter above, Tony; but, in the end, it IS up to you readers to let us know what you want to see. And in this case, at least, you've made yourselves perfectly clear. Cheerio, then, high-kicking honchos!

Dear Marvel:

Since going monthly, **DEADLY HANDS** seems to be going downhill, due to some of the changes made at the same time.

These covers by Bob Larkin are anemic compared to Neal Adams! Larkin doesn't have the flare or grace-in-motion for this kind of subject—you'd be much better off getting Gil Kane to do your covers, with Klaus Janson inking. Your comic artists should do all your covers. These oil painters—Larkin, Norem, and even Luis Domínguez—haven't the talent for producing attention-grabbing covers like those of Kane, Ploog, Starlin, Sutton, Marie Severin or John Buscema. Why don't you deal with the pros?

The first job by the new team of George Perez and Frank Springer on **Sons of the Tiger** was a bomb. The biggest problem was that someone applied ink washes so thickly that they obscured too much of the detail; nor does Frank Springer make the best inker for b&w work. He doesn't add blacks sufficiently; forms fade into other forms, and nothing stands out properly. The art on this story looked so bad that until I saw George's work on the color comic, **MAN-WOLF**, I thought he was a no-talent friend that Tony was trying to help out; yet once I saw him with a decent inker, my opinion of him turned right around. He is good, better in fact than many of the artists presently with Marvel—but he needs a better inker than Springer.

The story was equally bad. Just how did Paan get to referee a match with his own pupil? And I can't believe that the official would really suspend the rules for 30 seconds—they'd expell Paan and company, but not suspend the rules. That's the kind of thing you find in "kid gang" movies—and comic books. But Marvel has long been dedicated to improving the image of comics, by writing stories better than that... stories based more on the reality of events, where officials **don't** condone grandstanding just because the hero wants to grandstand. What does Paan have against Kee's pupils anyhow? And how did he just happen to know Diamond's weakness, and just happen to have the proper girl handy? I fear the Jim Dennis's story has more holes in it than swiss cheese.

Shang-Chi. So far it has never taken me less than two pages to be so thoroughly disgusted with Moench's writing that I throw the mag against a far wall and turn to something else. Moench is the king of schmaltz. And of hoary cliches. Hell's Angels, The West Side Story, a weedhopper flashback, for heaven's sake, and the girl gets it in the end. She is the third woman to be destroyed in Shang-Chi's stories, in the single year he's been around, yet in thirteen years in the whole Marvel Universe only two other women—Gwen Stacy and the Lady Dorma—have been destroyed. I'm beginning to think Shang-Chi's writer is a woman hater. The death of the woman in this story is an example of how a comic-

strip character's powers fluctuate under the hands of a bad writer. In **GIANT-SIZE MASTER OF KUNG FU #2**, Chi battled a thousand of Fu Manchu's Si-Fan assassins—give or take another half-thousand—and defeated them all. In this issue, against untrained hoodlums, he is somehow unable to prevent one woman from being killed.

The absence of Englehart's in-depth characterization has reduced Shang-Chi to a slightly goofy nut. Moench's dependence on action, his insensitivity to the various subtle mind-states of Shang-Chi, his basic inability to present the character consistently, has metamorphosized one of the finest new strips of 1974 into one of the most asinine.

Vosburg & McLeod: While decent artists, they don't have the dynamism necessary to do Shang-Chi successfully.

Frank McLaughlin continues to be the only good thing about **DEADLY HANDS**.

Brian Earl Brown
55521 Elder Road
Mishawaka, IA 46544

We hardly think Devil-May-Care Doug is a woman hater, Brian, since he has a lovely lady named Debbie whom—without undue exaggeration—we can safely say he does **NOT** hate. Okay?

As for your reference to George (Pacesetter) Perez's terrific work on the color 25c **MAN-WOLF** series, you've just given associate editor Dave (the Dude) Kraft—who scripts that lupine mag—the opportunity he's been looking for to plug it on these pages. If you

like what George is doing these days on the Tiger sons, people, by all means check out **MAN-WOLF**. We guarantee you won't be disappointed.

And now, before we forget just which magazine this is, and before Dauntless Don uses his far-famed, flashing, flying nunchakus on Dave for exerting his hairy, bearded influence to sneak in that plug, we'll return you to more comments on **DEADLY HANDS #6**.

Dear Marvel karateka:

DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #6 was outstanding. content wise. Your articles on "The Karate Foot Attack," "How to Create a Dragon" and "A Bruce Lee Triple Feature" were all excellent. I'm looking forward to more articles concerning the great Bruce Lee.

Now, getting down to business, my answers to Tony's questions: Fu Manchu should appear less often than he does. His frequent appearances make him out to be an ordinary villain, when we all know him to be extra-ordinary. The less we see him, the more mysterious he becomes.

I think that a few new villains always add to the variety and action of a strip. For instance, it could tend to get a little dull having Shang-Chi continually pursued by Fu Manchu's Si-Fan. An occasional super-villain confronting Shang-Chi would be nice.

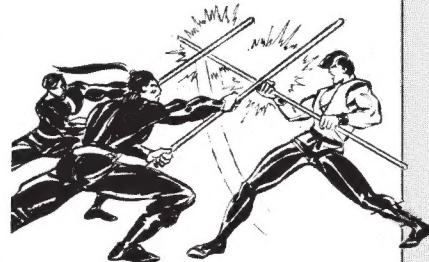
On the other hand, I am very much against bringing costumed super-villains and heroes into **DEADLY HANDS**. Keeping Shang-Chi's martial arts ability and Fu Manchu's mystic expertise as the only super-powers, gives this mag its own distinct identity.

I would enthusiastically welcome the personal touch provided by showing more stories about Shang-Chi's younger years.

Finally, I choose to reserve judgment on the question of Shang-Chi's traveling across the USA, because I firmly believe that as long as you keep Devil-May-Care Doug Moench writing the stories, the location is unimportant. Keep Doug on **Master of Kung Fu**, and I'll be happy.

Always make mine Marvel.

Tom Jewitt
615 Carrigie Hill Apts.
Athens, OH 45701



READERS' POLL

Ah, so, it is time for us to witness the wisdom of your votes on **DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #6**. So be it—

- 1) **"WAY OF THE JACKAL"** by JIM DENNIS, GEORGE PEREZ and FRANK SPRINGER—featuring the tin-tinabulatin' Tiger Sons—nabs first place, just barely nudging out—
- 2) **"LESSON OF THE LOCUST"** by DOUG MOENCH, MIKE VOSBURG and BOB MCLEOD—featuring Shang-Chi, son of the infamous Fu Manchu—which, in turn, just out-placed—
- 3) **"HOW TO CREATE A DRAGON"** by JIM DENNIS, illustrated by RON WILSON.
- 4) **FRANK MCLAUGHLIN** tied with himself for fourth place; votes were split between "AIKIDO," the inside front cover feature, and "KARATE FOOT ATTACK," his article on the MAI GERI.
- 5) Last, but (as we in the business say) not least, is **"A BRUCE LEE TRIPLE FEATURE,"** by JOHN DAVID WARNER, proving—what?

We'll leave you to ponder that one, as we cleverly segue into the address that just loves to receive letters—and votes. In fact, if it could speak, it would say, "Feed me!" A wise bird knows when to act on a thinly-disguised plea, etc.

THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU
Marvel Comics Group
575 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022



Slaughter on the Editorial Page!

Time for another editorial.

So sayeth Dave Kraft, who has been telling me that selfsame proclamation for the past week and now informs me that he is despondently depressed and wearied of the task of trying to extract selfsame editorial from me.

Dave (The Dude) is much better when doing his Knute Rockne impressions, but I'll forgive him and do this anyhow.

Here it is the beginning of the New Year (actually, it isn't the beginning of the New Year, it's actually three days before Thanksgiving, but by the time you pick this magazine up on the newsstand and read these imperishable words, it will be sometime in January 1975) and I should make proper mention of a new attitude toward doing editorials throughout the forthcoming year.

But how can I? I haven't even survived this year yet.

If that's confusing to you, imagine how it is for me!

This issue, Doug Moench and Mike Vosburg continue to chronicle Shang Chi's exploits in "A Contest of Truth!" Doug has commented that this story was intended for those skeptics who felt that Shang Chi seldom reflects the Martial Arts mastery shown in the movie films of that genre. Jack Abel has put his distinctive pen to this drama and we'll dare you to guess just which panels George Perez added to the sequence.

We also have an interview with David Brownridge, who is a fifth dan black belt. This is the first article of this type that the DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU has run, as we begin to explore the lives of the actual practitioners of the Martial Arts and their philosophy. We think it will give you some added insight into a concept and ideology that has just recently become a popular entertainment pastime.

Michele Wolfman went to Madison Square Garden to give our magazine exclusive photos of the Oriental World of Self Defense. Michele has been a freelance photographer for some time and gives us a visual tour-de-force

that will give you a front row seat at the arena.

The Sons of the Tiger return again in "Slaughter In Central Park!" Last month, if you'll recall, I mentioned that particular Sons of the Tiger episode. Last issue, if you'll also recall, we ran a Sons of the Tiger story called "Storm of Vengeance!" I had just finished talking to author Bill Mantlo about future adventures of the Sons of the Tiger and which direction the series would be taking when I wrote last month's editorial.

"Slaughter in Central Park" is here at last and injects a bit more realism in the Sons of the Tiger strip. The Silent Ones debacle is rapidly approaching an end and we'll be interested in hearing what you think about these three characters. Their future is in your hands, people. We'll leave it up to you.

And now, another editorial rundown is finished.

Cut and dried.

Dave (The Dude) Kraft is happy.

Lenny Grow is happy.

Barbara Altman is happy.

Sol Brodsky is happy.

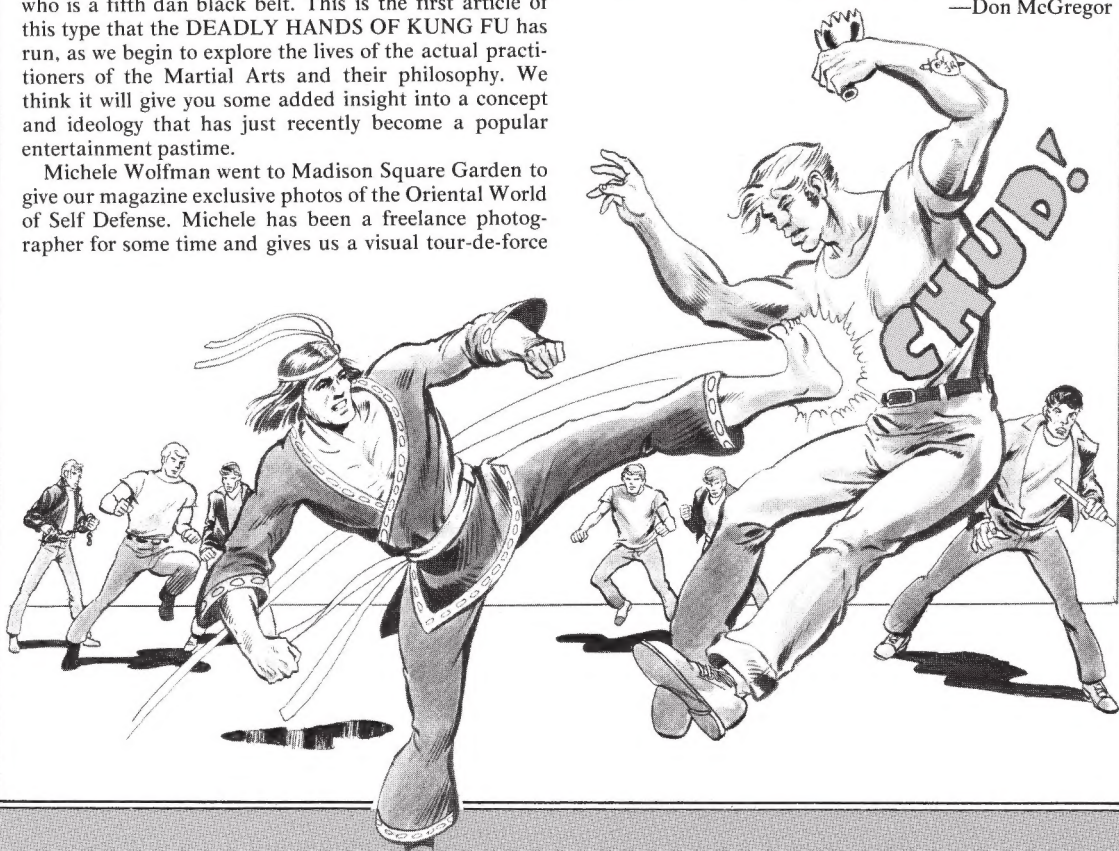
Marv Wolfman is happy.

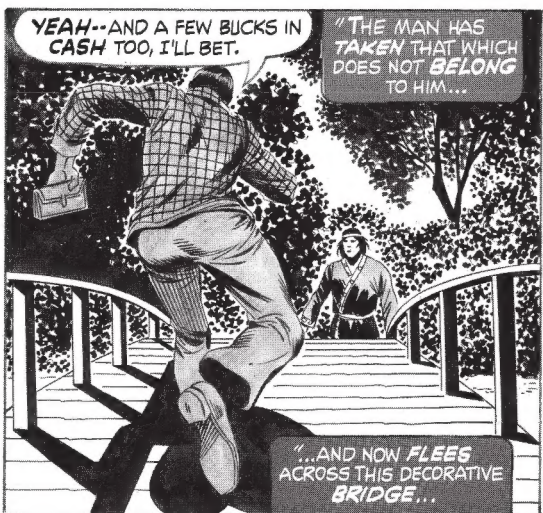
If you don't know who all those people are, for shame and go back to the masthead.

As for me, boy do I wish I was as happy. I still have a TALES OF THE ZOMBIE editorial awaiting me.

And Dave Kraft has already begun to speak.

—Don McGregor





Featuring supporting characters created by SAX ROHMER

Shang-Chi

Master of Kungfu

"BUT HIS INTENTIONS
ARE ALREADY
SERVED, I MOVE
TO THE SIDE
VOLUNTARILY--"

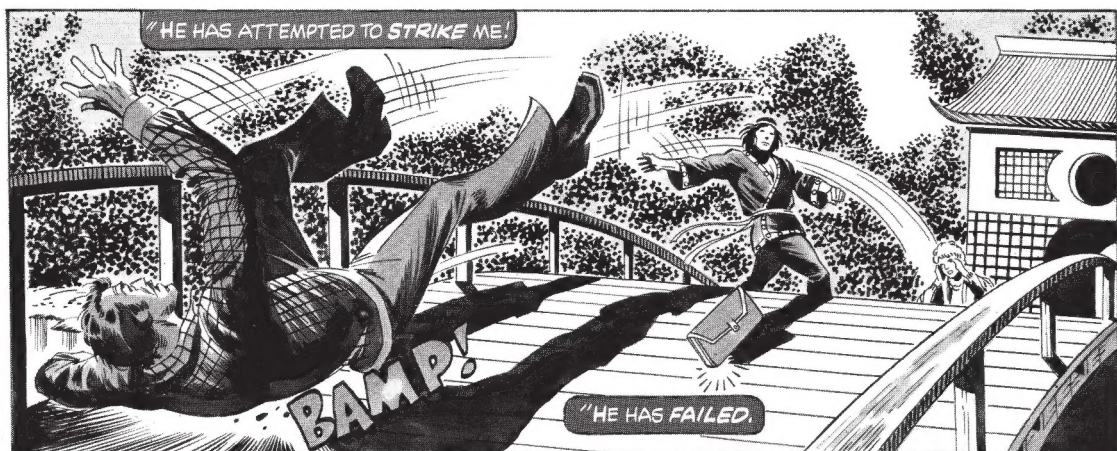
"--GRASPING THAT
WHICH WOULD PUSH."

WHA...?!?

A CONTEST OF TRUTH

MY PURSE--!
HE SNATCHED MY
PURSE!!







"HE IS DOWN.



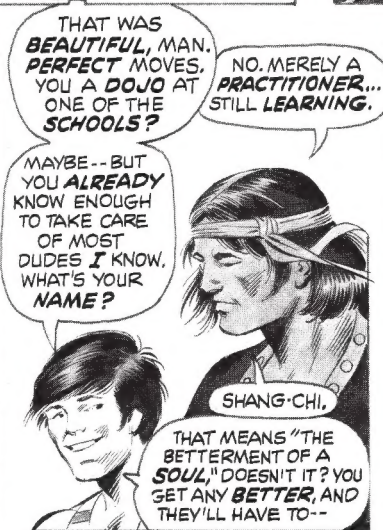
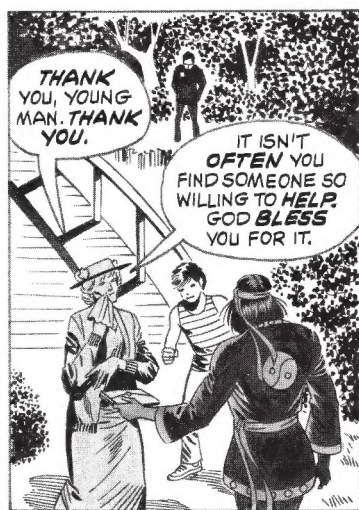
"THE BOY IS JUBILANT.

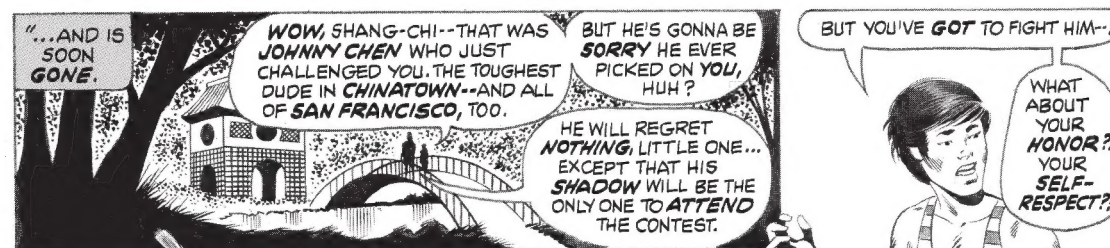
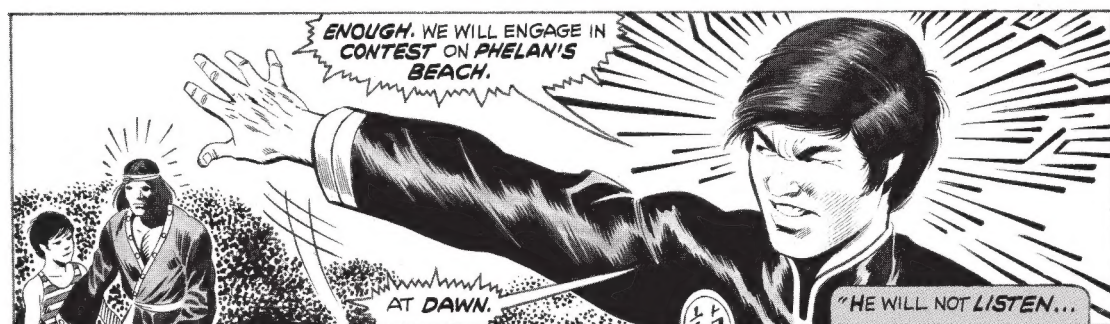


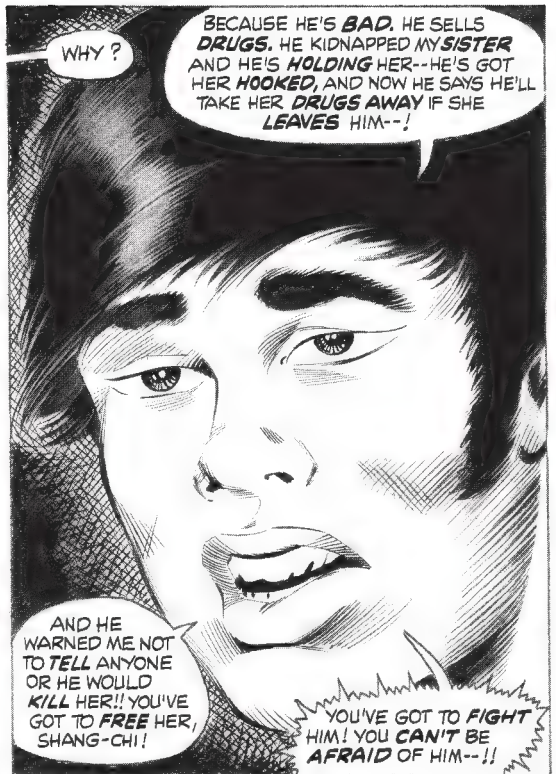
"THE OLDER YOUTH IS IMPRESSED.

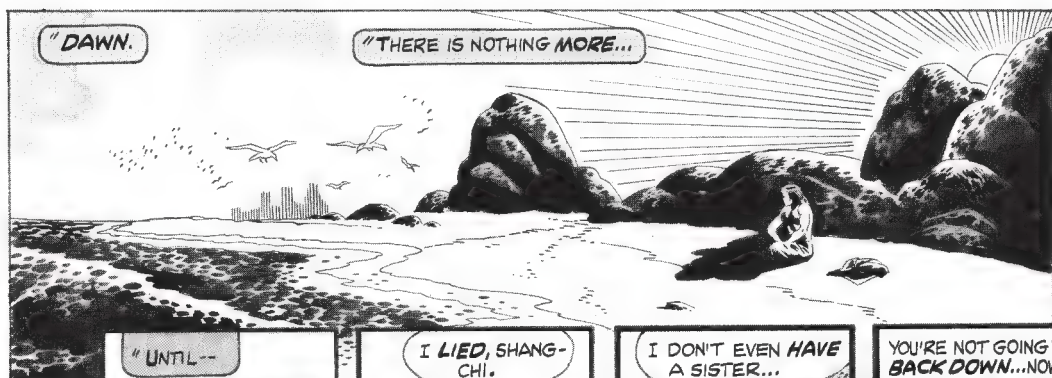


"AND THE WOMAN IS GRATEFUL.









"DAWN."

"THERE IS NOTHING MORE..."



"UNTIL--"



I LIED, SHANG-CHI.



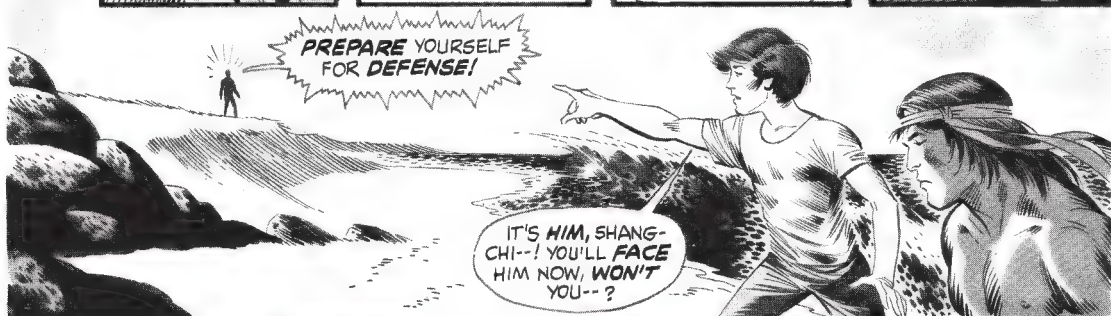
I DON'T EVEN HAVE A SISTER...

WHY DID YOU LIE, LITTLE ONE?

BECAUSE JOHNNY CHEN'S A BULLY-- AND NO ONE SHOULD BE AFRAID OF HIM. YOU'VE GOT TO TEACH HIM A LESSON...



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BACK DOWN...NOW THAT YOU KNOW I LIED, ARE YOU?



PREPARE YOURSELF FOR DEFENSE!

IT'S HIM, SHANG-CHI--! YOU'LL FACE HIM NOW, WON'T YOU--?



YES, LITTLE ONE, I WILL FACE HIM!

...AND PERHAPS YOU WILL LEARN SOMETHING FROM OUR CONFRONTATION...



...BUT YOU WILL NOT SEE IT.

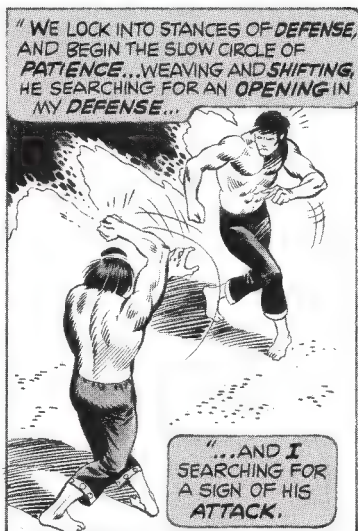
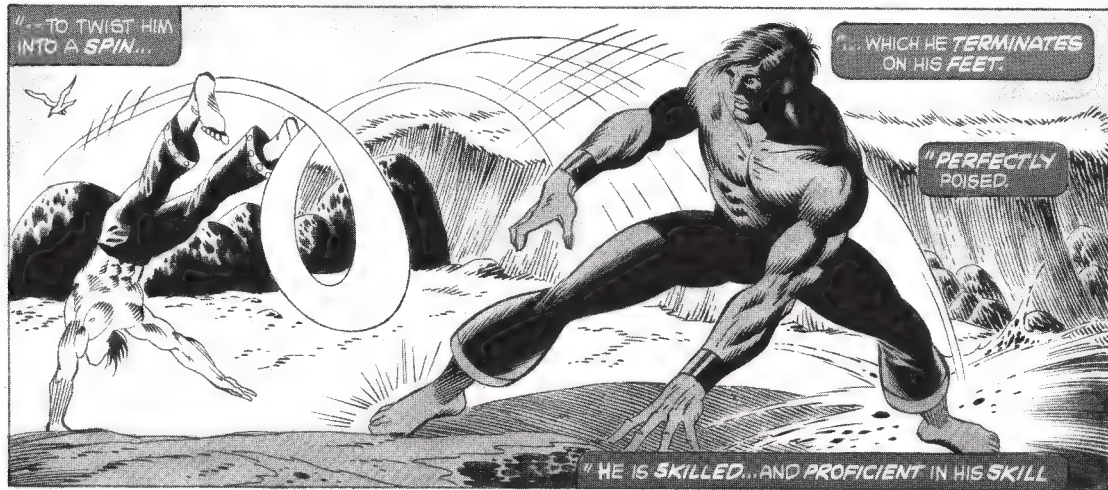
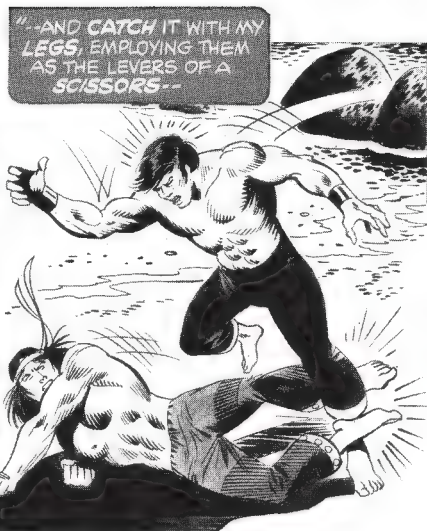
"I PINCH THE NERVE AT THE BACK OF HIS NECK..."



AGAIN: THIS FIGHT IS **UNNECESSARY**. NO MAN IS BETTER THAN **ANOTHER**. A CONTEST WILL NOT DECIDE THAT WHICH IS ALREADY **ESTABLISHED**.

YOU'RE A **COWARD**--ONE WHO HIDES HIS COWARDICE BEHIND WORDS OF **NOBILITY**. BUT I WILL **FORCE** YOU TO **EMERGE** FROM YOUR COWARDICE. I WILL **FORCE** YOU TO **FIGHT**--!

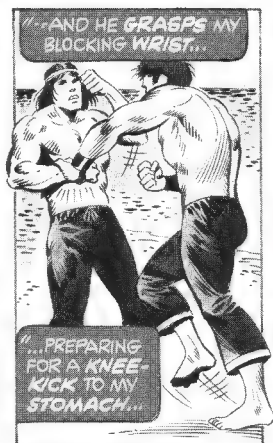






"--HE STRIKES WITH A
SAKON PUNCH--"

"I BLOCK IT--"



"--AND HE GRASPS MY
BLOCKING WRIST--"

"...PREPARING
FOR A KNEE-
KICK TO MY
STOMACH--"



"AGAIN I
BLOCK HIM,
THIS TIME
IN THE
CRANE
POSITION--"



"...AND IT ANGERS HIM,
GOADS HIM INTO A MOVE
WHICH IS BOTH LETHAL--"



"--AND
CARELESS."

"I DROP MY LEFT HAND TO THE
BEACH, THRUSTING MY RIGHT
FOOT INTO A SWEEP KICK--"



"...AFTER
WHICH--"

"--MY LEFT HAND LEAVES THE
SAND, MOVING OF ITS OWN WILL INTO
A STIFF-FINGERED JAB DRIVING DEEPLY."



"HE IS DOWN."

FOR THE
THIRD
TIME: YOU
ARE GOOD.

AN OPPONENT
WORTHY OF ME.



"HE BELLOWS HIS
KEE PURGING
HIS PAIN--"

"...AND GATHERING
HIS STRENGTH--"



"--FOR THIS BLOW DRIVEN
BY HIS **LUNGE**."

"BUT I HAVE RETREATED
BEYOND ITS **RANGE**--"



"-- INTO A POSITION FROM
WHICH I DELIVER AN **EMPI**--"

BUNT!

"IT **TWISTS** HIM--PROPELS
HIM INTO A **FORWARD DIVE**..."



"WHAT--?!"

HE **HALTS** THE DIVE
WITH HIS **HANDS**--!
I MUST **PREPARE**
MYSELF FOR--



"NO--!"

"TOO LATE..."

SKLUMP!

"HE HAS USED HIS **ARMS** TO
THRUST HIS **BODY BACK** AT
ME-- INTO A **KICK**--!"



"MY **VISION**... **BLURRED**...
CANNOT **JUDGE**..."

HAI!!



--YAH!!

"AH! I HAVE **BLOCKED**
HIS **SAKON** WITH MY **ARM**,
GAINING TIME IN WHICH
MY **VISION CLEARS**--"



"--ENABLING ME TO SEE HIS REVERSE KICK--"

"...TO LEAP ABOVE IT..."



UUFFFF!!

WUMP!

"...AND TO RETURN IT WITH A PUNCH."



NOW...

SAP



"...A SECOND EMPI..."

FUP!



"...AND A FORWARD FLIP."

FWUD

"BUT HE HAS MASTERED THE DRAGON STYLE TO PERFECTION, EXERCISING ITS MANEUVERS TO A DEGREE RARELY ATTAINED. HE WILL GAIN HIS FEET QUICKLY..."



"STILL HE IS WEAKENED, AND VULNERABLE TO A SECOND--"

"BLOCKED--?"



YOU ARE TOO EAGER, MY OPPONENT--

--FAR TOO EAGER!!

BWOOK!

"UNTIL NOW, HE HAS BEEN THE AGGRESSOR, CONSTANTLY SEEKING TO PENETRATE MY DEFENSE. BUT HIS LAST KICK WAS BRUTAL, AND WAS MEANT TO KILL. THUS, OUR STRIFE IS NOW CLEARLY MORE THAN A CONTEST.



A GOOD MOVE, MY OPPONENT. I AM GLAD YOU WILL GAIN YOUR FEET SO QUICKLY...



...FOR I DO NOT WISH TO KILL A MAN WHO ALREADY LIES BEATEN.

"UNTIL NOW... HE HAS BEEN THE AGGRESSOR..."

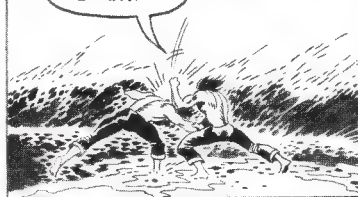


ARE YOU READY TO DIE, MY OPPONENT-?

NO.

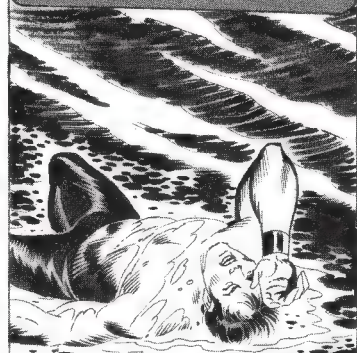


AND WHEN I AM...



..YOU WILL NOT BE AT MY SIDE.

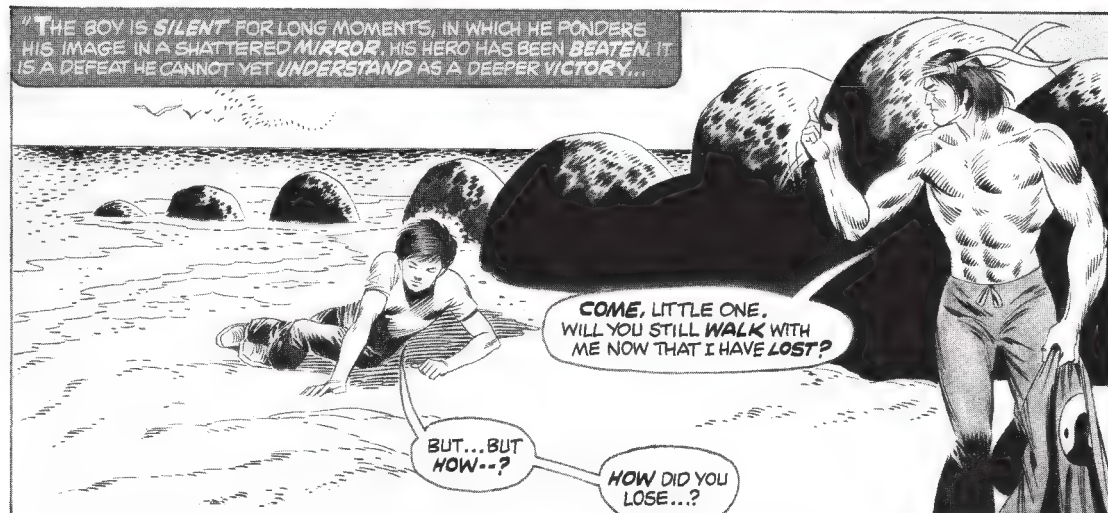
"BUT NOW THE AGGRESSOR LIES BEATEN... A VICTIM OF GREATER AGGRESSION.

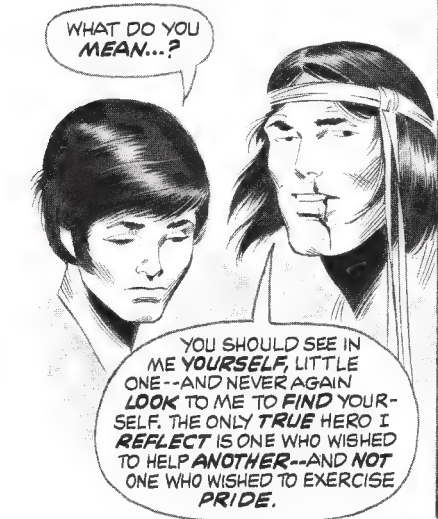
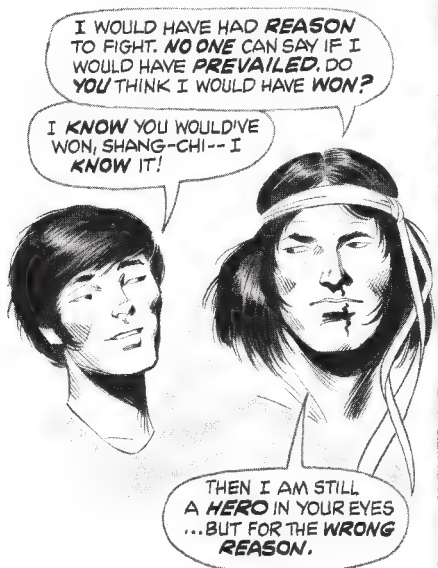


THE CONTEST IS OVER...

...MY OPPONENT.

"HE WILL NOT AWAKEN FOR LONG MINUTES..."





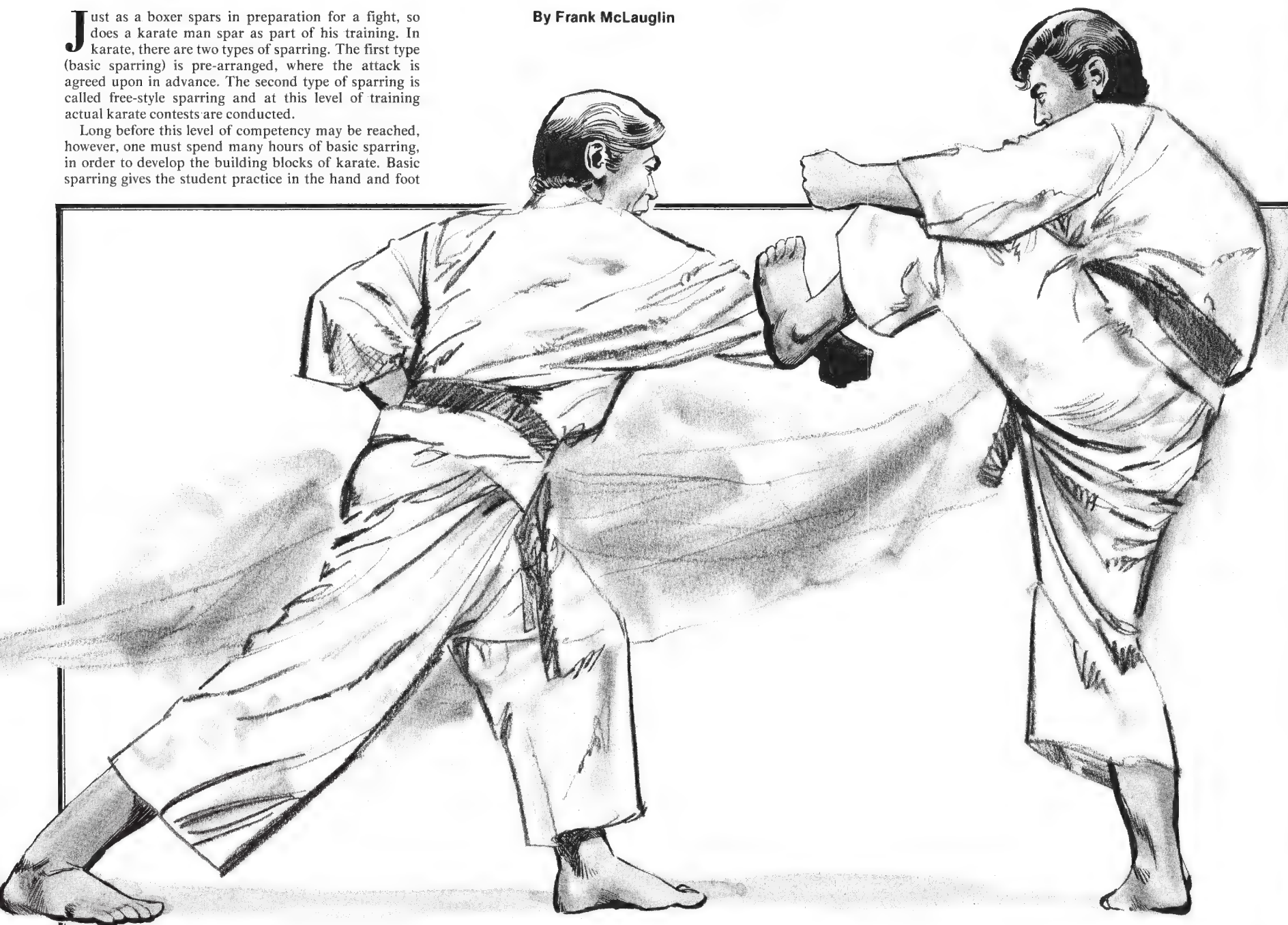
KIHON KUMITE

BASIC SPARRING

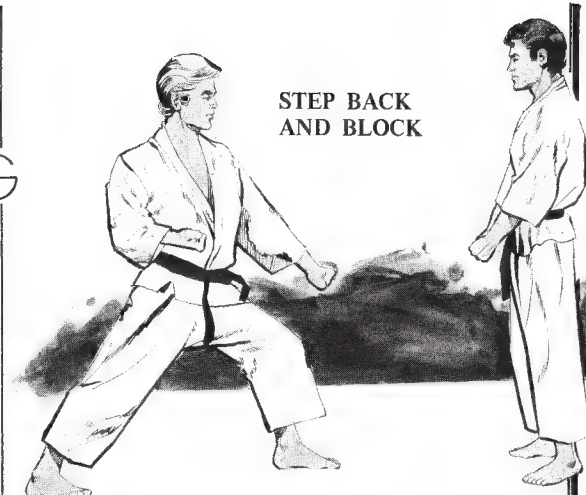
By Frank McLaughlin

Just as a boxer spars in preparation for a fight, so does a karate man spar as part of his training. In karate, there are two types of sparring. The first type (basic sparring) is pre-arranged, where the attack is agreed upon in advance. The second type of sparring is called free-style sparring and at this level of training actual karate contests are conducted.

Long before this level of competency may be reached, however, one must spend many hours of basic sparring, in order to develop the building blocks of karate. Basic sparring gives the student practice in the hand and foot



STEP BACK
AND BLOCK



As the attacker assumes the forward stance, his left hand is in the downward blocking position.

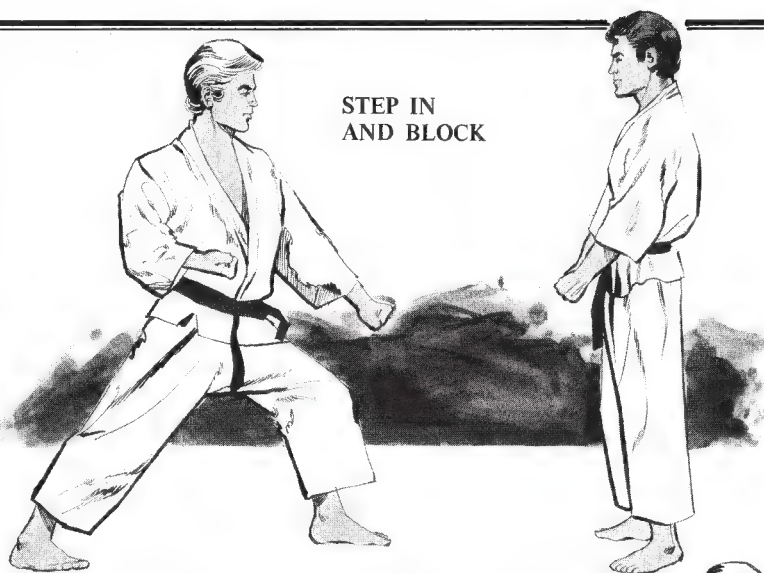


He then steps forward with his right foot and delivers a lunge punch. The defender steps back, blocks with a rising block and delivers a reverse punch to the solar plexus.

The defender's rear leg assumes a very firm stance as he controls the all-important distance between himself and his attacker.



STEP IN AND BLOCK



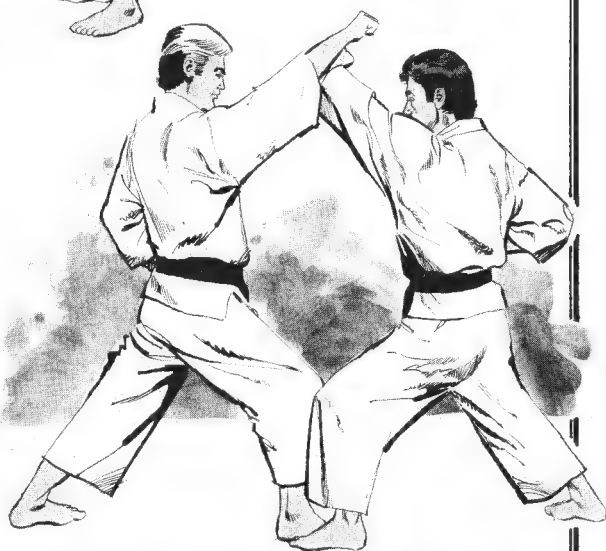
Again the attacker assumes the forward stance and attacks with a lunge punch to the face.

techniques, body shifting and distancing (ma-ai). Distancing means, quite simply, keeping the proper distance between yourself and your opponent. Proper timing and strategy should improve steadily with the practice of basic sparring, and the feeling of mutual trust between you and your opponent is really what makes sparring possible in karate. Without control and trust, there would be no "morality" in karate, so you must learn to "focus" your attack just short of contact.

The usual procedure in basic sparring is as follows: face your opponent with an open leg stance, at a distance that allows you to take one step forward to barely make contact with your opponent. The attacker assumes the forward stance and attacks with a predetermined technique. Let's use an example, always keeping in mind that these moves must be performed very slowly at first, building up speed only after you are performing flawlessly.

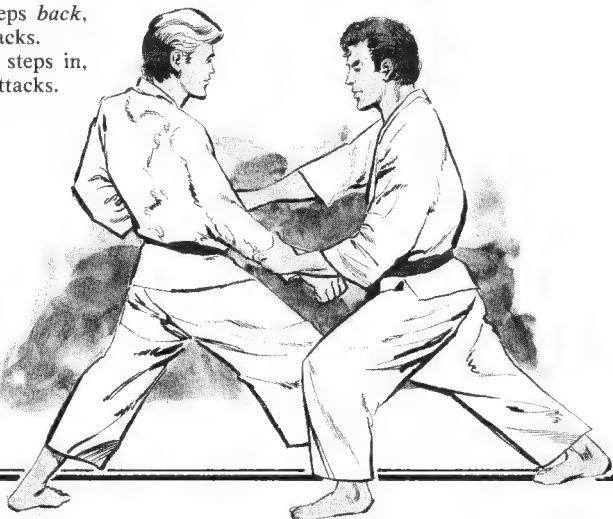
The first example is where the defender steps back, blocks a punching attack, and then counter-attacks.

The second example is where the defender steps in, blocks the punching attack, and then counter-attacks.



The defender moves in this time, hoping to stop the attack before his opponent can fully focus.

The defender uses an outside forearm block and counter-attacks with an elbow strike to the solar plexus.





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Name Age
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Interview by DAN HAGEN

I: BACKGROUND

James Bond once reflected that it's the short men who cause all the trouble in the world (Napoleon, Hitler, Goldfinger). They are the chip-shouldered men, the ones with something to prove.

Bond had obviously never met David Brownridge. Brownridge, only 5'6" but still a blunt, imposing figure, is a fifth-degree black belt in Okinawan-style karate and does not cause trouble. It's a maxim. When Brownridge enters, trouble *stops*.

Brownridge is many things besides a black belt. From his base in the university town of Champaign/Urbana, Illinois, he owns and operates six midwestern schools of karate. Catapulted by his ambitions from his birthplace in "the meanest part of mean East St. Louis," Brownridge became an art major in college, an elementary school P.E. teacher, a university administrator dealing with minority students, and finally a wealthy businessman while still in his twenties. But it is his status as a fifth Dan karateka that has surrounded Brownridge with a palatable atmosphere of respect and awe, and it is the martial arts to which he devotes himself.

moving toward the police station across the street with a man following them. Assuming the police could handle things, Brownridge turned to go. But he was accosted by the man, who demanded to know Brownridge's "problem."

"I thought I heard somebody scream, so I just came out to see what was going on."

"Well, they're white and you're not so whatta you gotta do with it?"

Brownridge said he was sorry and would leave. The man said, "I ought to beat you up." Brownridge explained that he didn't want to hurt anyone, the fellow bristled, and eventually one of the policemen from across the street arrested him, no damage done. The policemen later confessed that they'd been waiting and watching from the station, hoping the troublemaker would jump Brownridge and get taught something.

Brownridge later trained the Charleston police force. Legends accrue around such a man. A girl I once dated told me that she and her roommate, casual friends of Brownridge, had once lost all their clothes to a laundromat thief, and she said that Brownridge had given them each a stringless \$50 for auxiliary wardrobes.

THE HIDDEN FIST OF DAVID BROWNRIDGE

Brownridge will smile ironically as he tells you that he "doesn't believe in fighting." The Brownridge school motto is "the ultimate good lies not in winning a thousand battles, but in avoiding a single conflict." The "hidden fist" pledge, which closes every class meeting, reaffirms the fact that karate is a secret, last-resort art. Most potential attackers, Brownridge explains, can be walked away from or made to back down.

He has never had to hurt anyone in the street using karate, though he has not lacked justified opportunities.

Brownridge once learned that a gang of five had threatened to jump a white belt student after his second night in Brownridge's class. He volunteered to walk with the boy to the filling station where the gang was to meet him. When they reached the place, Brownridge left the boy behind and had a private talk with the gang members. As Brownridge says matter-of-factly, "They weren't any bigger than 160-180 pounds. They weren't really a threat." He asked them if there hadn't been some misunderstanding, and agreeing that there had been, they trotted off to apologize to the white belt.

One summer, during the early years when he was actually living at his first dojo in Charleston, Illinois ("I slept on the floor and was happy"), Brownridge heard a girl's scream through the open window, late one night. Reaching the downtown street outside, he saw three girls



David Brownridge at repose...

Another friend, a karateka, told me that he and two others were once seated on a sofa, while Brownridge—in a nearby chair—explained the fundamentals of the power punch. To illustrate a point, Brownridge delivered one of his notorious short punches to the side of the sofa, "...and with three people on it, the whole damn thing jumped."

Such are the stores. When I got this assignment, I wondered where the nexus of truth about the man lay. I made contact and set up a Saturday interview with a tournament picture-taking jaunt the next day. Though I'd been a Brownridge student for some time, I knew the man mostly as a kind of tin god and authority figure. I was unprofessionally nervous about meeting him.

II: TALK.

Indian summer Saturday; brisk warm wind; Mike Etter (my moral support) and I trot across a green lawn

R & B gospel of Andre Crouch and the Disciples.

The makings of an odd interview. A fifth-degree black belt, a man who could kill with the same practiced ease you display when you tie your shoelaces, hosting a writer known as the "Phantom Orange Belt" (so nicknamed by my instructor, Dave Landers, in a comment on the frequency of my dojo appearances). I settled back in the comfortable crooked arm of the giant sofa and the questions began:

DEADLY HANDS: "When and why did you start karate?"

BROWNRIDGE: "Being a small person in East St. Louis I needed to know how to protect myself. I went through a series of things; first I started out weight-training, after that wrestling, and then I found out about karate. In the middle sixties the concept of karate was basically breaking boards and bricks; calloused hands.

to be good at it."

DEADLY HANDS: "How has your view of life been changed by karate, if it has?"

BROWNRIDGE: "I'm a much more confident person. When you're a small person, in a rough area, there's that hidden fear that someday you're going to meet some bunch of guys who'll want to take care of you. Most people won't admit that. After studying karate, the size makes almost no difference and you hardly think about it anymore."

DEADLY HANDS: "What about your daily routine now? How much do you work out? Gotten soft yet?"

BROWNRIDGE: "I wouldn't say I've gotten soft. (In a low tone:) If you bring your gi to the tournament tomorrow, maybe we'll get a chance to work out and I'll show you. . . (at this point the interviewer withdrew the latter part of the question). I get to actually work out at the dojo about three times a week, but when I'm at the dojo I

that I fall back on occasionally. They're techniques that you work on so many thousands of times that you can use them on almost anybody at almost any time. Like our basic #10 combination, a grab, raise the knee to protect your groin and follow in with a punch. It's based on timing, so that when your opponent's weight shifts forward you go in and get him.

"The punch/sidekick combination used to be one of my favorites, but it's become so popular that most people have learned to block it. The punch is a feint for the kick, though the punch should be hard enough and close enough that the guy has to block it to be effective.

"A lot depends on how the other person fights. If he's a leg fighter I try to beat him with my hands, if he's a hand fighter I beat him with my legs."

DEADLY HANDS: "What techniques do you recommend against an assailant with a gun or knife?"

BROWNRIDGE: "If a person has a gun, unless you're very skilled, simply give him all the money he wants and hope he'll leave you alone. When it's obvious that he's going to harm you there are some techniques to use, but we don't even begin to teach those before the advanced levels. An unskilled person who tries to take away somebody's gun is going to end up getting killed.

"With a knife, the first thing I say is expect to get cut. Just prevent yourself from being stabbed badly enough to be killed. If you've reached brown belt level or above, keep in mind that you have at least nine weapons to his one: two hands, two feet, two knees, two elbows, and your head. Thinking that way, he's at a disadvantage. If you overcome the fear of the knife.

"I've been in one situation where a person pulled a knife on me, and I simply told him I'd put him in the hospital if he tried to use it and he thought better of it and put it back in his pocket."

DEADLY HANDS: "What is a first-degree black belt karateka's advantage over, say, a Chicago streetfighter who's been fighting all his life?"

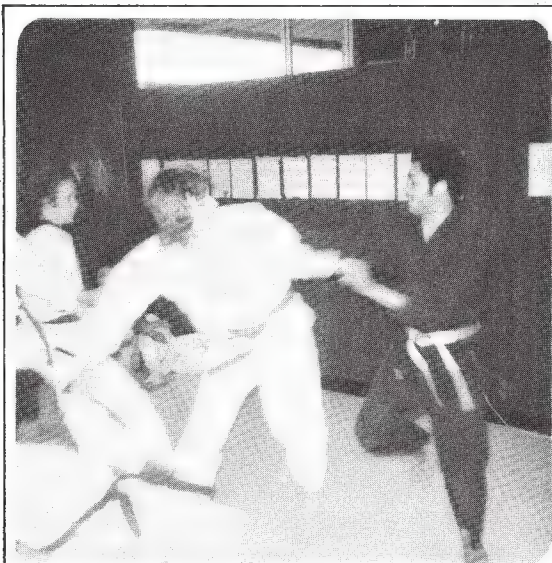
BROWNRIDGE: "If you're talking about a first-degree black belt from my school, in most cases he'll do well. But I have seen competitors who can win tournaments, but if they were in a street fight I would bet on the street-fighter. Many tournaments have evolved into a game of tag. Techniques lack power. Originally sparring had the concept behind it that a technique would only be counted if it had enough power to disable or kill. But today I've seen many, many tournaments where even the black belts throw punches that would only make a guy on the street mad. You've got to have knockout power every time, and any time you want it."

DEADLY HANDS: "What do you concentrate on when you are sparring?"

BROWNRIDGE: "Usually I don't think about anything, I just relax. Most of the time I'm sparring lower-ranking black belts, and I'll let them move first and catch the opening as they come in. Against more experienced people I may move around or initiate the attack. Usually it's not a thing of I'm going to use this or that technique, it's let him move first. Of course that comes with a lot of experience."

DEADLY HANDS: "In your private life, how do people react to you as a fifth-degree black belt?"

BROWNRIDGE: "Almost every time you're introduced



Four foolhardy karataka, two brown belts and two purple belts, take on David Brownridge...



A blinding-fast shuto (handword) strike takes out one...



...who immediately becomes useful in a favorite David Brownridge maneuver, the "human shield".

to Brownridge's suburban home in Champaign. A small black man greets us with a Mephistophelian grin (a disquieting character trait) and ushers us inside. The interior is just what you'd want from a Master of the Martial Arts. Red shag; a huge scythe of a sofa in some soft white material; a wall mirror overlaid with black geometric patterns. The walls also sport abstract paintings in primary colors, many of them the work of Brownridge's artist/wife Doris.

Brownridge himself wore a violet shirt and tie offset by a heavy gold cross on a chain around his neck. He would pass for normal on the street. It's only after you talk to him a while that you notice the energy in the man, betrayed in sudden hand motions and the swiftness of his speech. Controlled, knowledgeable, and slightly, engagingly cocky. He neither drinks nor smokes, never has. Favorite books include the self-help tomes by people like Napoleon Hill and Maxwell Maltz; the BIBLE (he also has a vast library on the martial arts). Thrives on the

"I watched some of Mr. Sam Brock's Shudo Kan karate classes and I got impressions which perhaps many people get who are just watching and not participating in karate. First, I figured I'd master the basic techniques in a couple of weeks and, second, I thought that karate was primarily a sport, not effective in self-defense, since I saw that in sparring all the techniques were pulled short. My friends encouraged me so I joined the class, using some money from my prom fund to pay the enrollment fee and buy a gi.

"About the second lesson, my instructor showed me that karate was effective. He told two of us white belts to stand about two feet in front of him and hit him. I told him I didn't want to hurt him. He kind of chuckled and said, 'don't worry about it, just hit me.' So we both tried, and I found my arm flying into the air and a foot stuck in my stomach and I flew back against the wall and slid down with my mouth open. At that point I became convinced that karate was effective, and that I was going

usually find myself teaching more than working out. I also work out alone, much of the improvement at my level comes that way, and I work out with my brother and other black belts."

DEADLY HANDS: "Who was your toughest opponent in a sparring match?"

BROWNRIDGE: "It would be between Bill Wallace, who once beat me out for first place in a tournament and is still one of the top competitors in the U.S., and Preston Baker from Chicago. Wallace is taller, and has an exceptional amount of speed with his legs, and reach. Baker had no great advantage, we just had a good battle.

"Other than that my brother Enos probably gives me my toughest battles. He's going for second degree black belt, but fights at probably third- or fourth-degree black belt level."

DEADLY HANDS: "I try to use a wide variety of techniques, although I suppose I have a few old favorites



Brownridge performs a ten-minute nunchaku kata created by himself.



Brownridge lifts off for a high kick.

A hapless competitor tastes the business end of a karate punch (only thing hurt was his pride).



to someone, it's 'Oh, by the way, he teaches karate,' and there's usually a joke that follows. And it usually follows the pattern of: 'let me see you break this table,' 'let me see your calloused hands,' 'you and I are gonna be real good buddies aren't we,' or 'I'd hate to meet you in a dark alley.' I don't know why people think that karate people walk around in dark alleys waiting for somebody to step in, but I assure you that it's not my primary pre-occupation."

DEADLY HANDS: "What's your view of the difference between karate and kung fu?"

BROWNRIDGE: "Okinawan karate has developed from circular movements toward straight-line movements. Kung fu techniques tend to be more circular, and they tend to use more open hand techniques. Karate people tend to use more closed-fist or 'hard' techniques.

"People sometimes ask me which is more deadly. In answer to that I ask them how dead is dead. Either one can get the job done effectively. I don't emphasize any one style or method as being better than another because it depends on how proficient an individual is in the art. You'll find that in the United States many styles are open to the point where they will use anything that's effective. This goes along with the late Bruce Lee's thought that it's not what technique you use, it's how effective you are with it. I go along with that, too."

DEADLY HANDS: "In many ways you're the self-made man, independent, well-off financially, and a fifth-degree black belt. What further do you hope to accomplish?"

BROWNRIDGE: "Well, my brother runs the karate schools now, the financial aspects, so on. He majored in business and we have a corporation in which he's vice-president. Primarily now I'm just helping the instructors with teaching and working on improving the art. That's my main drive. I can work at a job I enjoy and have fun doing and have a chance to improve at.

"I used to want to be a super-wealthy man, but I've gone away from just that. I guess I live, not luxuriously, but fairly comfortably. Other than that I'm continually improving technique-wise, and learning more."

III: ACTION.

Sunday's tournament. The moderate-sized Brownridge dojo in Mattoon, Illinois, is sweat-packed with 40 karateka and all the spectators who can squeeze in.

First is the kata or combat dance work, progressively smoother and more flowing as the competition travels up the belt ranks. Then a full spectrum of sparring competition, from pee-wee sparring through women's to black belt.

Tension, big trophies. Only a few of the over-anxious forget to pull techniques short, smacking their opponents. They are reprimanded and some are curtly disqualified.

Brownridge schools, you see, stress the importance of control. A number of years ago, David Brownridge stepped into an all-night coffee house in central Illinois and sat down at the counter beside the only other black man present. A group of drunken whites across the room began to make loud racial comments. "You know what all this integration goin' to bring about? Polka-dot children, that's what." The remarks descended from

vulgar to vicious and Brownridge carried on a conversation, seemingly ignoring them. He'd rehearsed this kind of situation literally hundreds of times in the dojo, until the techniques he'd use had become ingrained. When he felt a rough hand on his arm he spun around and off the counter stool and locked the arm, stopping his fist bare inches from its target—the face of a friend.

Oblivious to the bone-shattering punch he'd just escaped, the friend said anticlimactically, "Hey Dave, you're kinda jumpy tonight." The incident scared Brownridge. Now he makes sure his students will never unintentionally harm anyone with karate. In non-tournament action, Brownridge students have been forced to do 50 or more punches against the wall for overzealous sparring.

One of the most fascinating and practical demonstrations in the tournament, a regular Brownridge feature, is street self-defense. Brownridge lines up his students in corridor formation and tells one to go down to the end of "the street." One or two others are secretly designated as attackers. The selected student walks down the street to face any one of an endless variety of realistic situations. He can be verbally abused, shoved around, distracted and jumped from behind, etc. The point is coolheaded,

nunchaku kata, blistering the air with the rope-joined mallets and stopping them cold in his armpits. Brownridge and his brother Enos take the floor for sparring. Enos has an open grin, David his Mephistophilian smile. On the dojo he moves lightly like the bad black cat he is, toying with his opponent. He maneuvers almost as far vertically as horizontally in avoiding techniques, dropping in a roll, then springing straight up for a high kick.

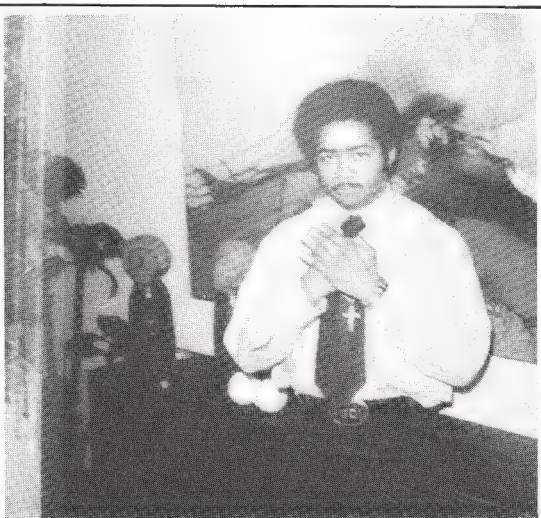
The audience settles back and greets each technique with the kind of exclamations and sighs you hear on the Fourth of July. You see in David Brownridge the same unconscious grace that good springboard divers, ballet dancers, and so forth share. Hours of training enable them to so absorb complex sets of neural responses that they can be performed without forebrain effort, leaving the mind free for other things. This man's body does what he tells it, without question.

The brothers close the contest by mutual consent, there being no higher-ranking black belt present to judge or call a halt.

So, a sliver of the life and work of a man who has brought karate to the grassroots and who has achieved



Supersiblings. David Brownridge looks on as younger brother Enos scores against John Venson, a Chicago black belt.



"Karate is my secret..." Brownridge demonstrates a school pledge whose origins are lost in antiquity, in the days when martial arts schools thought little of simply wiping out those who would divulge their secrets.

swift counter-attack, at the right instant. One tries to avoid killing the occasional innocent passerby who just asks the time of day.

Brownridge sends down a foxy blonde black belt. As she walks warily back up the street, he reels toward her. Voice drops into comic black dialect. "Wanna party, chick? Whatsa matta you? I oughta slap you up side yo' face!" He grabs her shoulder. Claw hands to the eyes and a piston-like kick dump Brownridge, who rolls in a pained ball on the dojo tile. This time on the street, aided by skill and surprise, virtue triumphs.

(This same black belt got Brownridge in dutch with a local college football coach. Seems a fullback did some untoward things to the girl and was unable to play for the next two games.)

The highlights of the day. Brownridge performs a

himself a high degree of that psycho-physical coordination always admired and rarely attained. Final impressions? Makes you *know* you're going to have to get back to the dojo more often; become, at least, the "Phantom Purple Belt."

End it like the tournament did. The six hungry hours draw to a close, red twilight at the window. Easy camaraderie, shadow-sparring, joking. Sensei Brownridge enters and crosses to the head of the group. Hush. Attention stance.

It all finishes seriously as, following Brownridge's lead, forty fists slap into place behind forty palms. "Karate is my secret... (the hidden fist)... I bear no weapons... (open hands)... I pray I will never use it... (the steeple-pointed attitude of a prayer)."

Dismissed.



SPECIAL PIN-UP PREVIEW!

Coming next—in DEADLY HANDS #10—a spectacular 34-page IRON FIST extravaganza! See the Son of K'un-Lun unleashed in full martial arts mayhem against the sinister Steel Serpent!

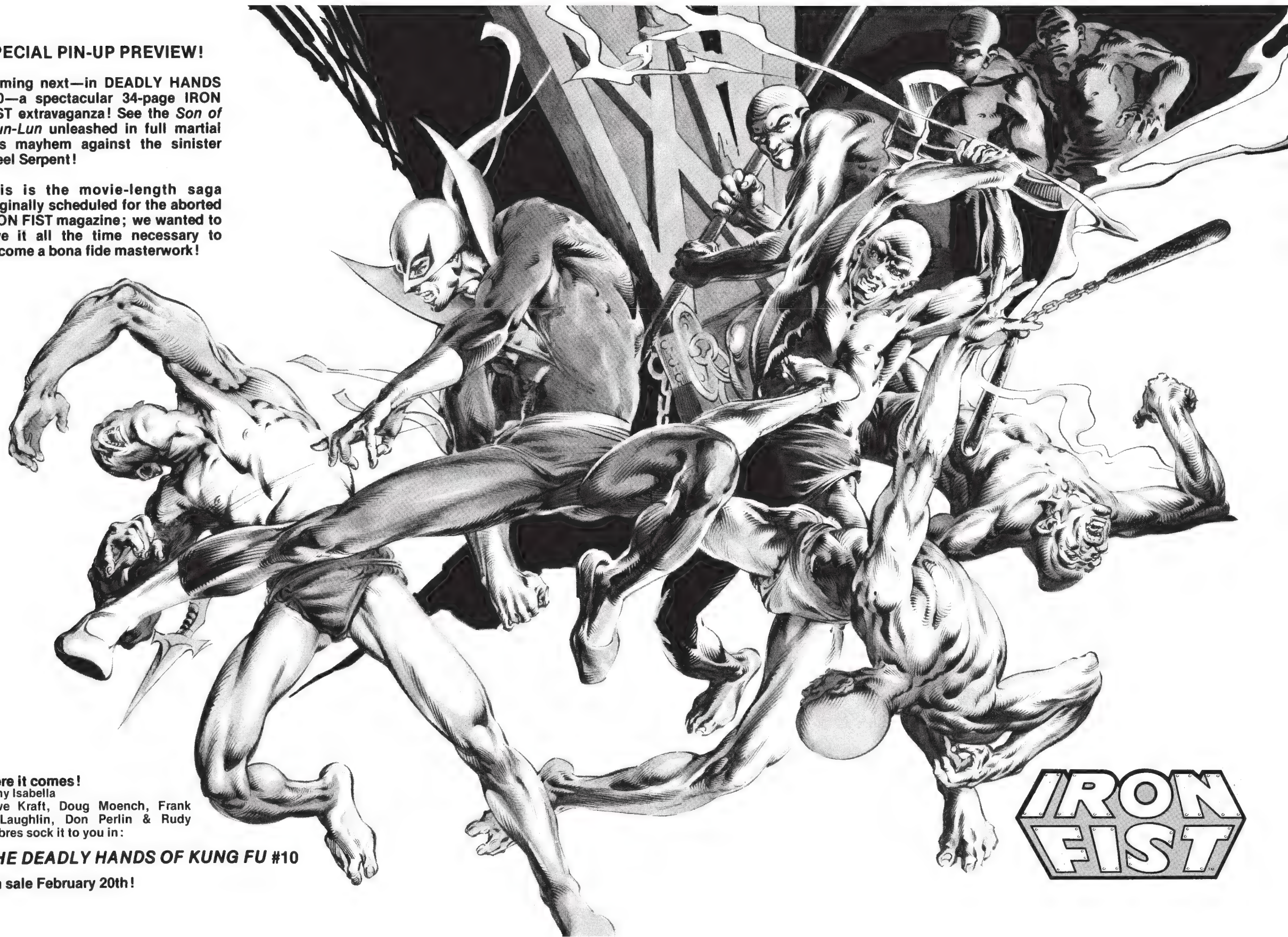
This is the movie-length saga originally scheduled for the aborted IRON FIST magazine; we wanted to give it all the time necessary to become a bona fide masterwork!

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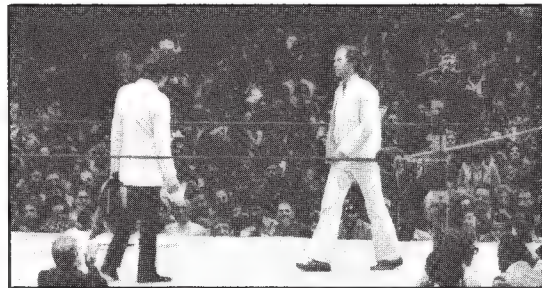
The Oriental World Of Self-Defense

by Michele Wolfman

With a silent prayer for the late Bruce Lee, "The Oriental World of Self-Defense" opened its program at Madison Square Garden June 2nd, 1974. Aaron Banks, producer and editor of the show, continued with an introduction of the celebrities present. Among them were Buddy Rich; Ed Spielman, creator of the "Kung Fu" television series; Kam Yeun, technical advisor for "Kung Fu"; and Banks' two biggest coups, Fred Williamson and David Carradine.

To most of the observers whose knowledge of the martial arts comes from the "Kung Fu" television show or

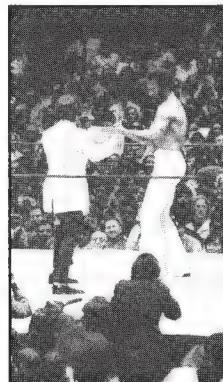
the multitude of movies playing at their local cinemas, "The Oriental World of Self-Defense" was an eye-opening exhibition well worth the money spent. To those serious students of the martial arts it was a body-wrenching exhibition put on with a touch of style, a dab of mystique, and unfortunately at times, a truckload of circus tricks. "The Oriental World of Self-Defense" did however, give more of a glimpse into the truer feeling of the power that is within all of us than some of the martial arts films currently in release. For that reason, its presence was welcomed.



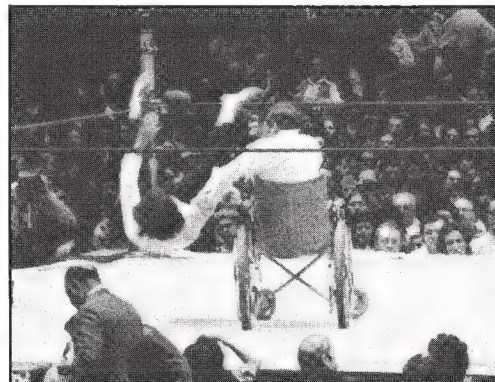
David Carradine accepts for Mrs. Bruce Lee, a plaque honoring her late husband. The inscription on the plaque read, "You will never be forgotten as long as there are martial arts. You will live forever in our hearts and serve as an inspiration to us all."



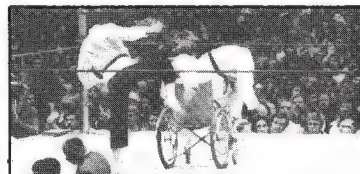
Fred Williamson, star of the action-crammed "Three The Hard Way," agrees to perform a stunt for his fans.



Sans shirt, Williamson breaks a board in half to the thunderous applause of the audience.



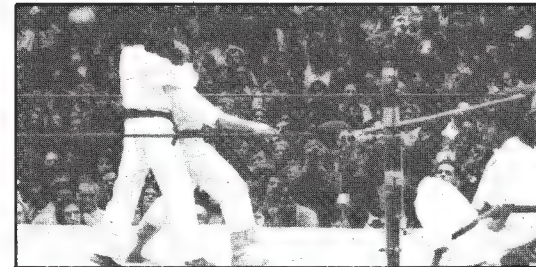
Ted Vollrath, a Korean veteran, opened the show with a demonstration of self-defense. Vowing not to let the loss of both legs make him an invalid, Vollrath has earned a black belt in karate and is the sensei of several dojos of his own.



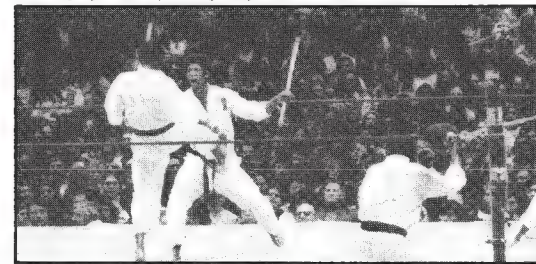
From his wheelchair, Vollrath takes on two opponents at the same time and sends both flying.



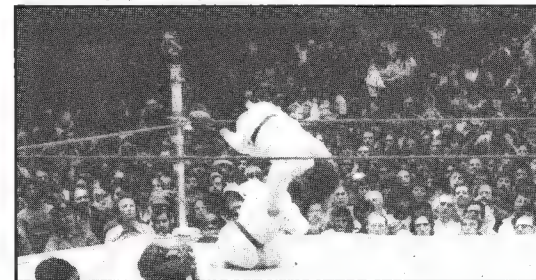
At the end of his exhibition, Vollrath gives a series of breaking demonstrations, here smashing several two-inch boards stacked between cinder blocks.



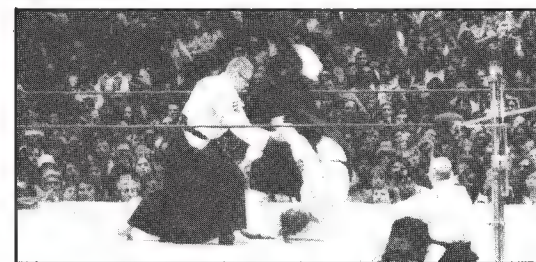
This and the following five photos show examples of Japanese shotokan karate, performed by George Cofield and his students.



Though aided by batons, a swift kick wins out in this demonstration between two performers of shotokan karate.



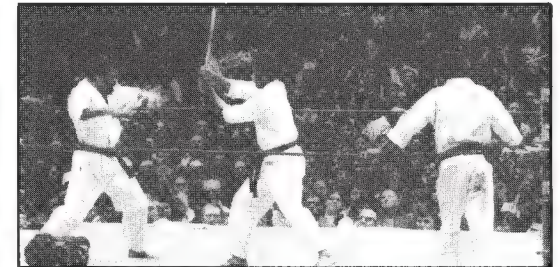
In another example of shotokan karate, an attacker is tossed over his victim's shoulder.



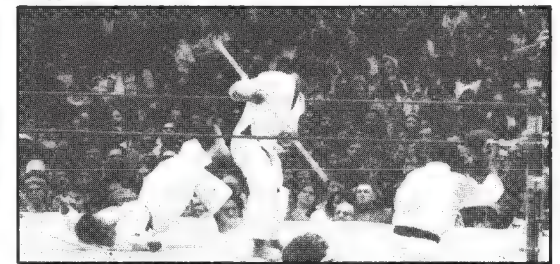
Richard Bowe, a 5th dan aikido instructor, demonstrates his techniques. He believes his students should also learn the ability to apply katsu, or resuscitation, just in case...



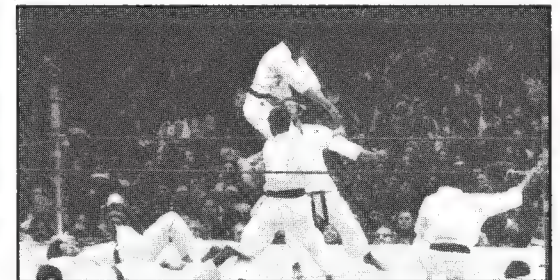
Instructor Maasi observes as two of his followers give a bando demonstration.



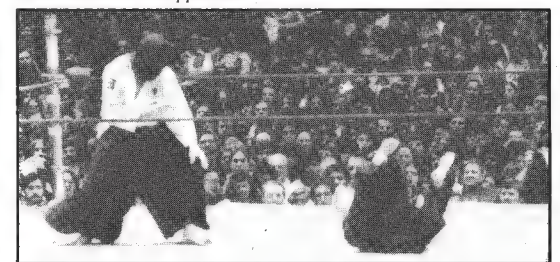
Faced with an attacker using a sword, this karate-ka prepares to disarm his opponent.



With one sweep of his bo, the performer slams his opponent to the ground.



In a final show of strength, another of Cofield's students leaps into the air to attack his last two opponents.



Even blindfolded, Bowe senses the presence of his attackers, and then—acts!



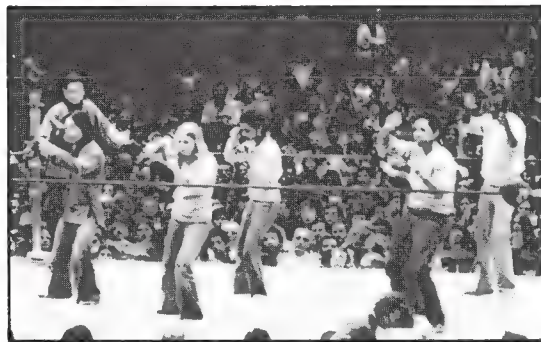
Not pictured here was another aspect to the bando demonstration that involved using a sword to slice a cucumber placed on the bare chest of a brave volunteer.



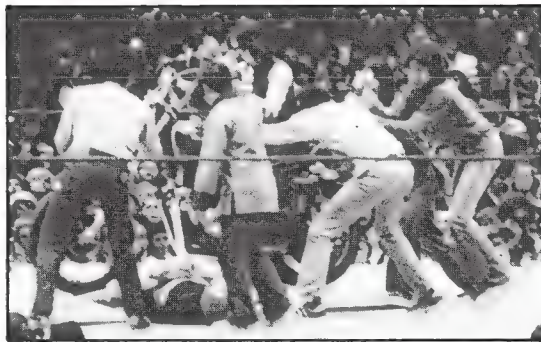
In this demonstration of gojoryu karate, an attacker is thrown over the shoulder of his opponent. Another example of karate in the show was Okinawan kempo karate performed by Teruyaki Higa.



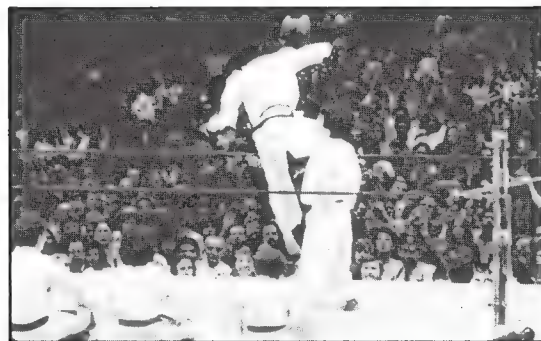
Ernest Hyman demonstrates the uses of nunchakus. Later, he broke several blocks of ice weighing nearly a ton.



William Chen's students warm up in slow rhythmic motion for their tai chi chuan presentation.



In a show of "internal power" a motorcycle, weighing more than 700 pounds, is rolled over a volunteer, with no ill effects.



In this tae kwon do demonstration, San Soo "Tiger" Kim performs as a modern day William Tell and kicks an apple out of his "son's" mouth.



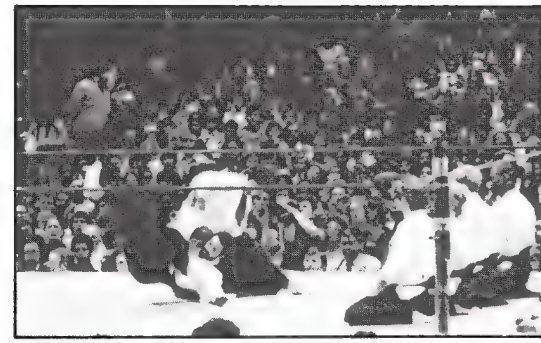
The demonstration of tae kwon do continues with the successful breakings of several boards.



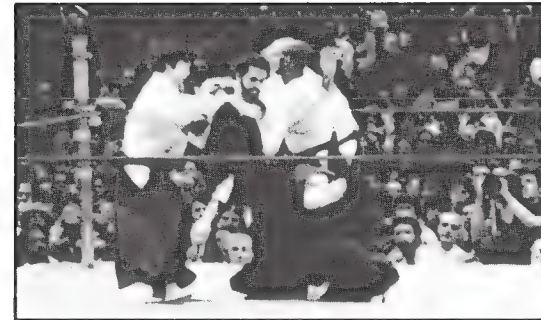
Ronald Duncan, a 7th degree black belt in ninjitsu, observes one of his students somersaulting in mid air.



The exhibition of the art of ninjitsu included multiple attack situations. Duncan later caught steel-tipped flaming arrows in his bare hands.



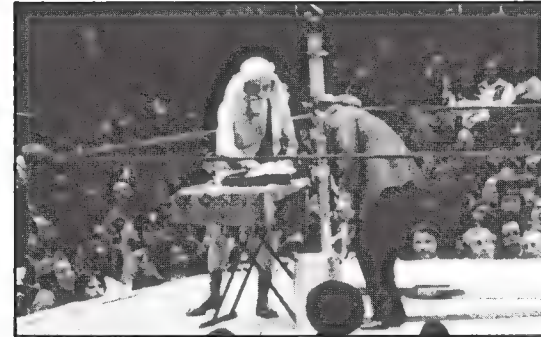
"The Oriental World of Self-Defense" continues with another aikido demonstration, this time by Yashimutu Yamada.



Next, one performer defends himself from several attackers.



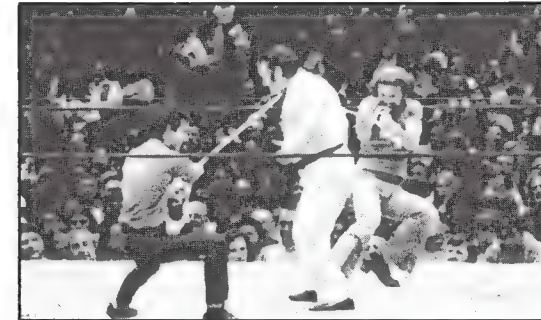
In another example of "internal power," Professor Rodney Sacharnoski prepares to deliver a battery of hand thrusts to the Adam's apple, solar plexus, and other parts of his "victim's" body.



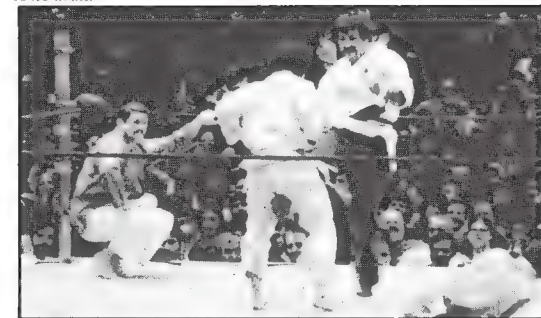
"The Mighty Atom," 92-year old Joseph Greenstein, prepares to drive steel spikes into wood with his bare hands. His feats have earned him five separate mentions in Ripley's "Believe It Or Not."



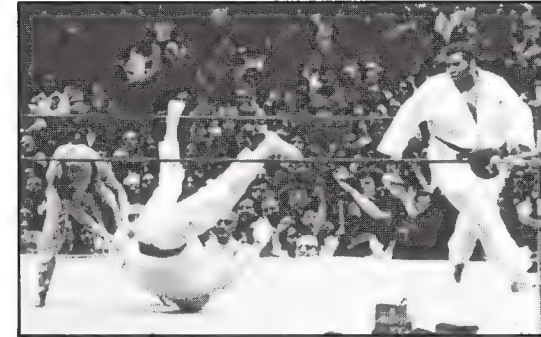
A student is thrown to the mat in this next example of aikido.



Jack Walsh, the "World's Strongest Man," demonstrates his version of "internal power." Two volunteers from the audience try to strangle him, to no avail.



To the gasps of the entire audience, Sacharnoski climaxed his demonstration of "internal power" with several swift kicks to the groin of his hardy partner. During the span of "internal power" exhibitions, the poor victims hardly budged from the repeated kicks and thrusts.



Tom Purdy brings the show back to the field of martial arts with a judo demonstration.



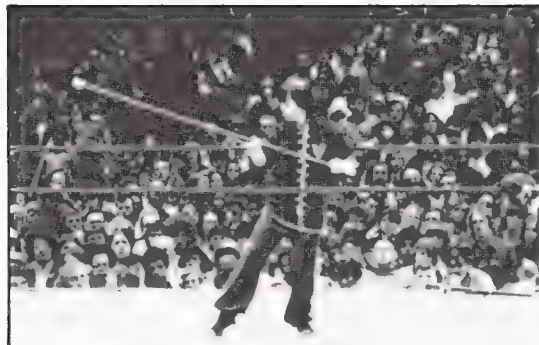
A demonstration of jiu-jitsu is performed by Moses Powell, a 7th dan in this field, and his associates.



Two opponents use the bo to assist them in demonstrating their kung fu techniques.



A performer ducks a kick from his opponent while one of the few female participants in the show looks on.



Kam Yuen, technical advisor for ABC-TV's "Kung Fu," continues the kung fu demonstration with some techniques of his own.



The kung fu demonstration begins with the use of yari, or spears, and is performed by the students of Professor Lin and Chester Chin.



In separate corners now, the two opponents prepare to attack!



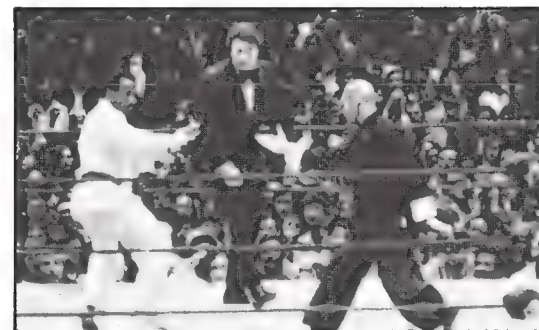
Her turn now, this woman demolishes her opponents one by one.



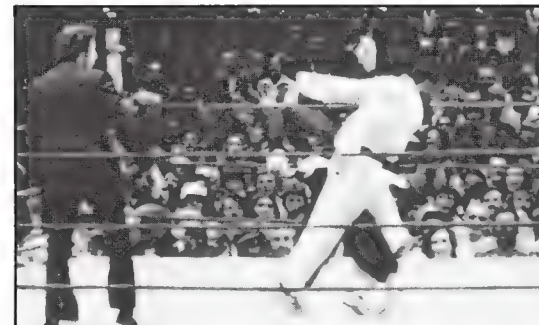
While performing kata, Kam Yuen is caught in the middle of an acrobatic leap.



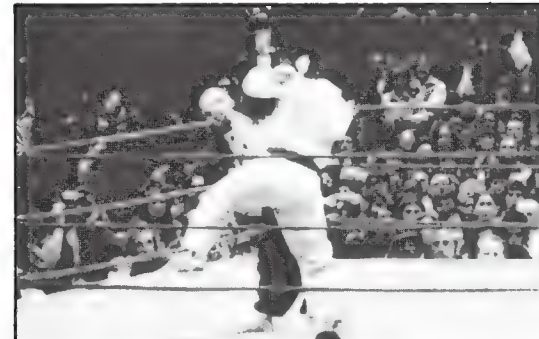
In demonstrating various aspects of kung fu, Kam Yuen employs the steel-edged broad sword.



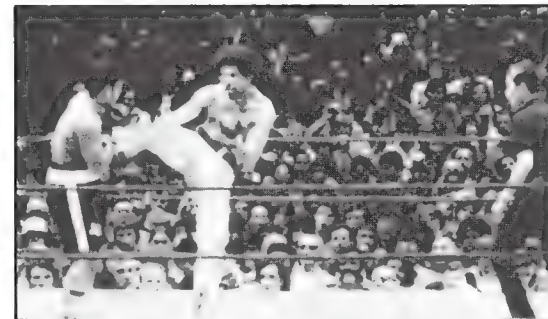
Other matches included a battle of the sexes, judo vs. wrestling, and karate vs. kung fu, shown here.



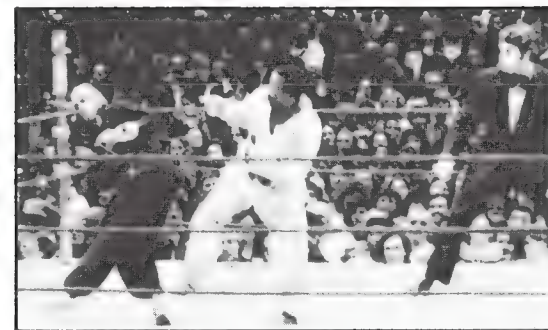
Legs interlocking, kung fu champion Tayara Casel reels from Davis blow.



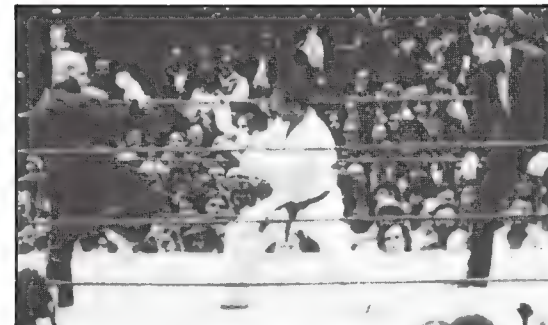
In a blur of movement, the match ends with a close score of 25 points for Casel and 24 points for Davis.



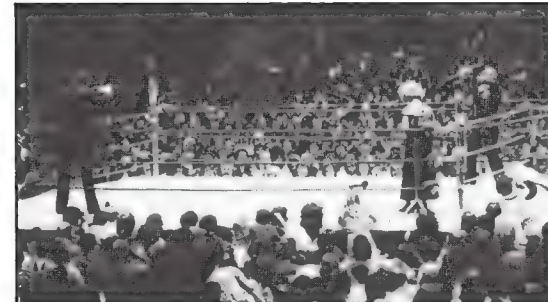
The demonstration portion of the show finished, the exciting tournament matches began. Shown here is the battle between Bernard Chance, undefeated light heavyweight kick boxer and Jose Casado, undefeated light heavyweight boxer, who remained undefeated.



Dressed in white, Little John Davis, Moses Powell's student and the East Coast karate champion avoids a kick from his opponent.



Casel prepares to perform one of the leg kicks that kung fu is famous for as referee Johnny Kuhl looks on.



After five hours virtually everyone was tired and uncomfortable; the exhibition had gone on too long. When, after much unnecessary buildup, Germany's Ralf Biella, "The Living Target," closed the show by catching a live bullet with his teeth, "The Oriental World of Self-Defense" ended not with a bang, but with a whimper as everyone trudged out in tired disbelief.



FRAME ONE: FROZEN FRAME. THE FACE OF THE HANDSOME HERO FREEZES IN SHOCK AND SURPRISE.



FRAME TWO: HELD SHOT. TERROR THAT SHATTERS THE IM-PLACABLE MASK OF CALM LEADERSHIP.



FRAME THREE: AND THAT STILL THE RUNNING CRITIQUE OF THE SONGS OF THE TIGER MOST CYNICAL MEMBER



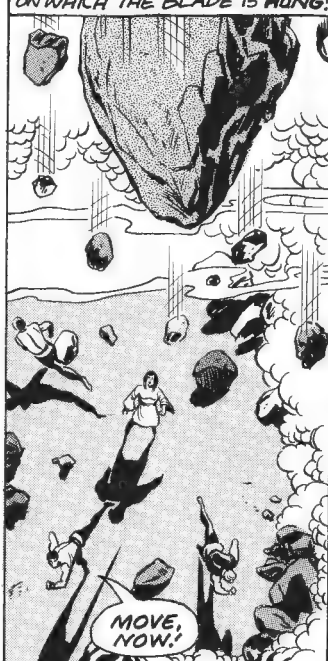
FRAME FOUR: THE DAMSEL IN DISTRESS-- WITH A TWIST. A BUT-TON ON HER WRIST GOT THEM INTO THIS MESS!



CAMERA SPEED 64 FRAMES PER SECOND... TIME SLOWS DOWN. GRANITE AND STEEL SWAN-DIVE LIKE A PEARL THROUGH OIL ... SLOWLY.



SAME SPEED, MANY FEET OF FILM LATER. THE GRANITE PEARL LOOMS LIKE THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES... TIME THE SLENDER THREAD ON WHICH THE BLADE IS HUNG!



SAME SPEED, MIDWAY THROUGH THE FIRST REEL, THE THREAD HAS BROKEN, THE PEARL HAS HIT BOTTOM. TIME HAS ALMOST RUN OUT.



WHY DON'T YOU MOVE, GIRL? WHY DON'T YOU MOVE?



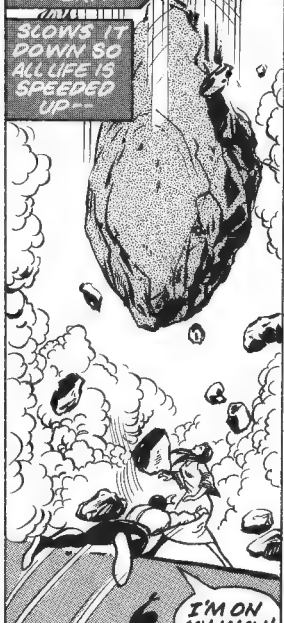
SHE HAS NOTHING TO SAY, NO GODS TO CALL ON!

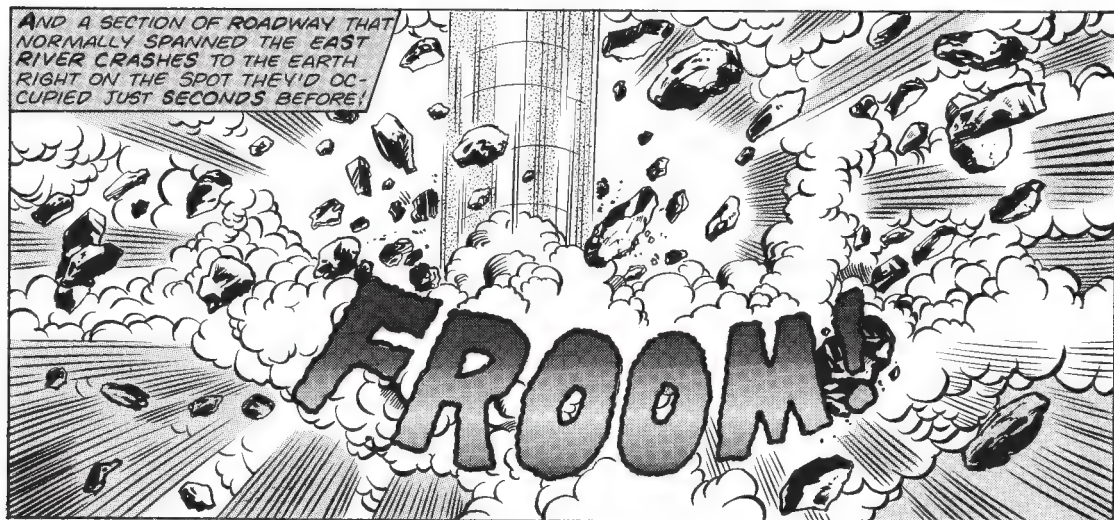


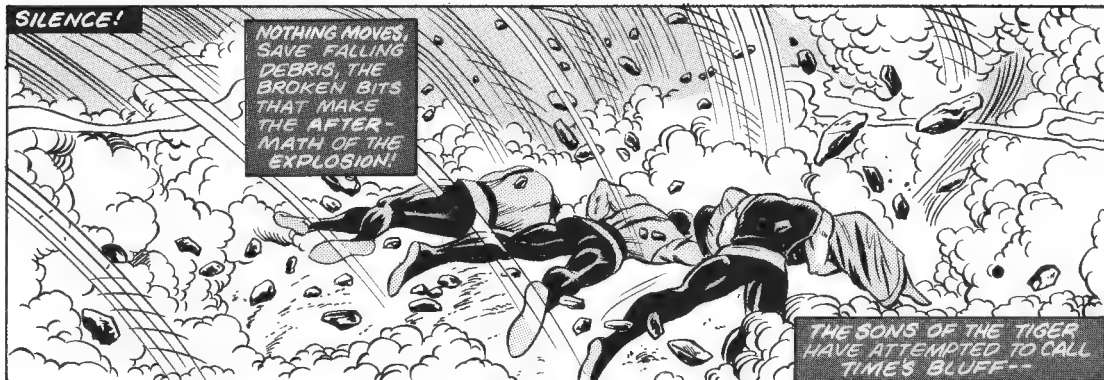
AND ABE BROWN, HAVING GROWN UP ON FEAR, KNOWS THAT ONCE YOU GIVE IN TO IT THERE JUST AIN'T NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO PULL YOURSELF OUT!



IT'S ALMOST AS IF TIME FEELING ITSELF BEING CHEATED, SLOWS DOWN THE PASSAGE OF THE FILM WITHIN TIME'S CAMERA...







THE *SILENT ONES*! YES, MY *MASTERS*, WHOM I HAVE *NEVER* SEEN, SAVE *LATE* IN THE NIGHT, AS A LITTLE GIRL, WHEN SHADOWS WOULD BRING *PRESENTS* OF PAIN AND DESPAIR!



MY *MASTERS*! WHO GAVE ME AT *THIRTEEN* TO THE MAN YOU KNOW AS *HARRISON BUDGE* AS A REWARD FOR HIS FIRST SUCCESSFUL MISSION!



I HEARD THE SCREAMS OF THE DYING, A MARK OF HIS *SUCCESS*!

BUT HE PROMISED ME *LIFE AND COMFORT*! THE COMFORT OF A *KEPT CREATURE*! A THING OF *PLEASURE*, A *TOY* IN THE PALM OF A *LOATHSOME SERPENT*--



--I HAD *LIFE* OF A SORT, AND I *CLUNG* TO IT--

--AND WHEN THE *MASTERS* SENT FOR ME AND OFFERED ME *FREEDOM* FROM THAT EXISTENCE, I HAD HOPE THE *FIRST* TIME IN MY *LIFE*--



I *UNDERSTAND* THE *FREEDOM* THEY OFFERED *NOW*! THE *RELEASE* OF *DEATH*!

YOUR STORY FITS WHAT WE HAVE COME TO KNOW OF *BUDGE* AND YOUR *MASTERS*! THEY TRED ON THE *HUMAN SPIRIT* AS AN UNTHINKING MAN DOES ON AN *ANTHILL*!



I WILL GO WITH YOU!

WELL, WHATEVER. I HAVE A FEELING THAT YOU'D BE A LOT *SAFER* WITH US FOR A WHILE, AS *SAFE* AS ANY OF US CAN BE UNTIL WE TRACK DOWN THE *SILENT ONES*!

ROBERT, MY MAN, I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND WHY THE *MOVIE-ROMANCE MAGS* TALKED THE WAY THEY DID ABOUT YOU!



IDLE *GOSSIP*, ABRAHAM, MY FRIEND, IDLE *GOSSIP*!

ENOUGH *BICKERING*! RAISE YOUR EYES *UP* FROM THE *GROUND* FOR A MOMENT--

--*THERE*! YOU WILL SEE A THING OF *GREAT BEAUTY*, A THING TOO OFTEN TAKEN FOR *GRANTED*, A THING OF WHICH POETS MAKE SONGS!



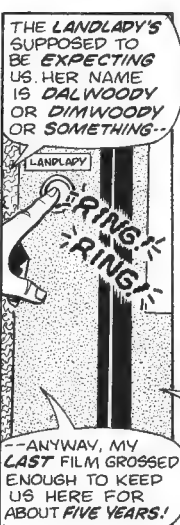
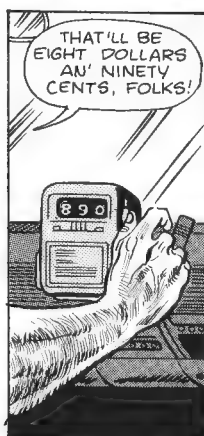
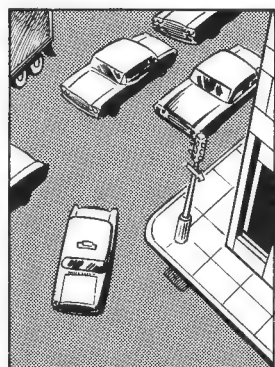
LIN, OLD FRIEND, I THINK YOU'VE BEEN *UP* TOO LONG!

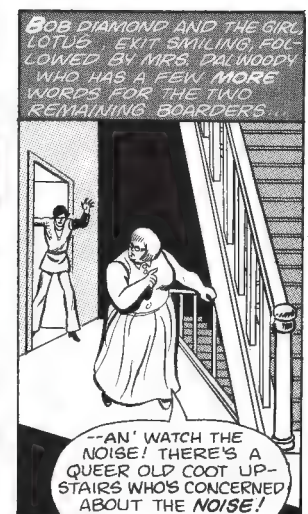
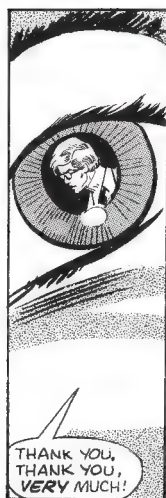
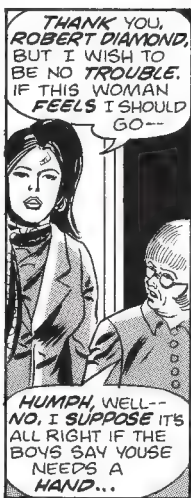
I THINK *BOB'S* RIGHT, MAN! THE ONLY THING I SEE--

IS THE *SUN* COMIN' UP OVER *MANHATTAN*! WHAT'S THE *BIG DEAL* ABOUT THAT?



"*NOTHING*," SAYS LIN SUN QUIETLY. "*NOTHING AT ALL*."





A CONCERN WHICH IS FAR FROM THE MINDS OF TWO PEOPLE WHO ARE BEGINNING TO FEEL AS IF THEY WERE THE ONLY TWO PEOPLE IN THE WORLD, A FEELING THAT A LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE HAVE EXPERIENCED AT ONE POINT OR ANOTHER IN THE LONG HISTORY OF THE HUMAN RACE.



LOTUS. IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NAME.

IT IS A NAME, LIKE ANY OTHER.

A LITTLE Sadder, Perhaps.

MAYBE IT'S A NEW YORK CLICHE', BUT CENTRAL PARK IS A FINE PLACE TO GO WHEN YOU'RE WITH SOMEONE YOU'VE GOT A FEELING ABOUT, BUT KNOW THAT THERE ARE CERTAIN—



HEY, COME ON! LOOK, I'LL MAKE YOU A DEAL. YOU CHEER UP A BIT AND I'LL BUY YOU A GENUINE N.Y.C. HOT DOG!

A HOT DOG?

PROBLEMS.

YEAH, A HOT DOG!



WHAT IS A HOT DOG?

IT'S... WELL YOU SEE, IT'S A... WELL...

YES?

WELL, IT'S JUST A HOT DOG!

GOSH, DAD, THE PIGEONS SURE MADE A MESS OUT OF HIM!



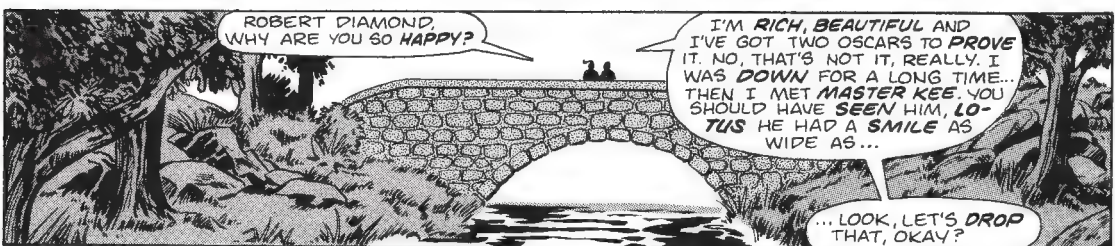
SEE? THAT'S A HOT DOG!

YOU WIN, ROBERT DIAMOND. I WILL CHEER UP.

IT'S FUNNY HOW THIRTY-FIVE CENTS CAN BUY A SMILE.

GIMME TWO WITH MUSTARD.

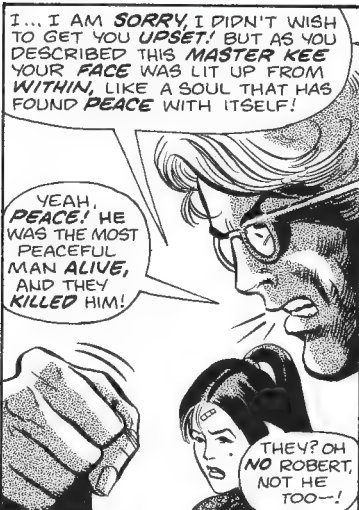
HOT DOGS



ROBERT DIAMOND, WHY ARE YOU SO HAPPY?

I'M RICH, BEAUTIFUL AND I'VE GOT TWO OSCARS TO PROVE IT. NO, THAT'S NOT IT, REALLY. I WAS DOWN FOR A LONG TIME... THEN I MET MASTER KEE. YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIM, LOTUS HE HAD A SMILE AS WIDE AS...

...LOOK, LET'S DROP THAT, OKAY?



I... I AM SORRY I DIDN'T WISH TO GET YOU UPSET! BUT AS YOU DESCRIBED THIS MASTER KEE YOUR FACE WAS LIT UP FROM WITHIN, LIKE A SOUL THAT HAS FOUND PEACE WITH ITSELF!

YEAH, PEACE! HE WAS THE MOST PEACEFUL MAN ALIVE, AND THEY KILLED HIM!

THEY? OH NO ROBERT, NOT HE TOO—!



YEAH, HIM TOO. SEEMS LIKE EVERYBODY'S GETTING IT THESE DAYS, LIKE THEY'RE OUT TO KILL THE WHOLE WORLD!

NOT THE WHOLE WORLD, ROBERT. JUST THE GOOD IN IT!

HEY! LOTUS, I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T MEAN TOO--

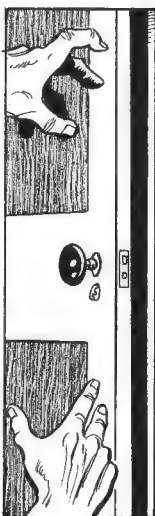
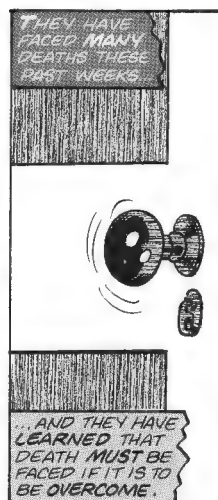


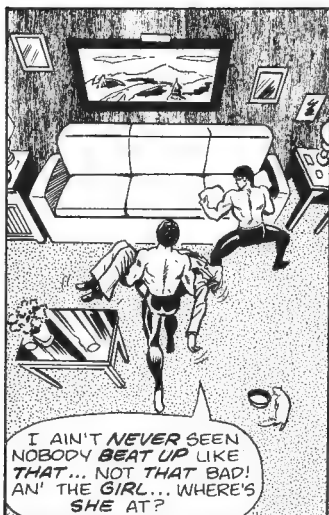
IT DOESN'T MATTER, BOB DIAMOND. AFTER ALL, IT LEADS UP TO THIS, WHICH IS WHY CENTRAL PARK IS THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.

OH LOOK, ANNA! IF ONLY PETER COULD FIND HIMSELF A YOUNG LADY AND LOOK AS HAPPY AS THEY DO!

I'M SURE HE WILL, MAY, I'M SURE HE WILL.

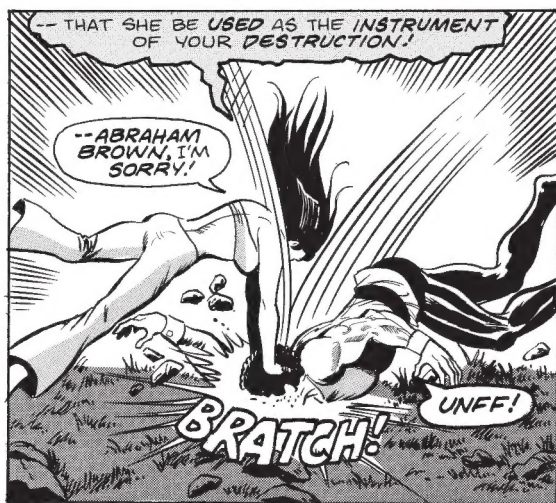
AND THE SUN IS HIGH OVER SHEEP MEADOW AS WE TAKE OUR LEAVE AND RETURN TO...

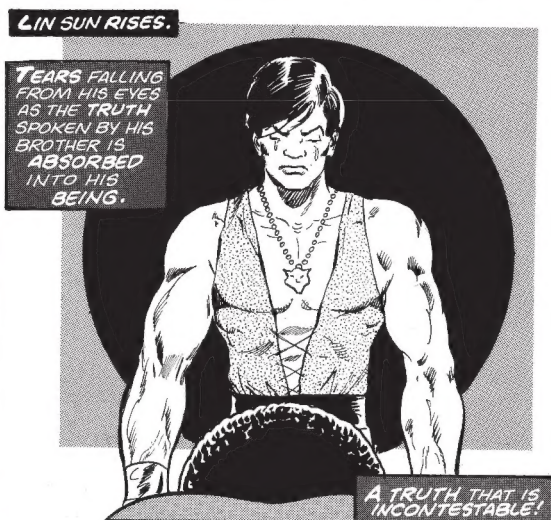
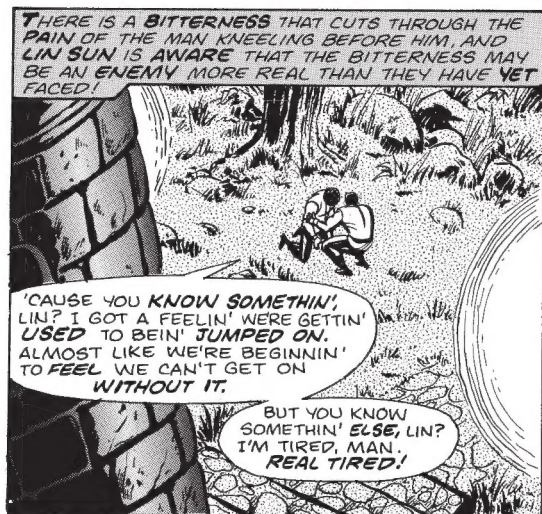


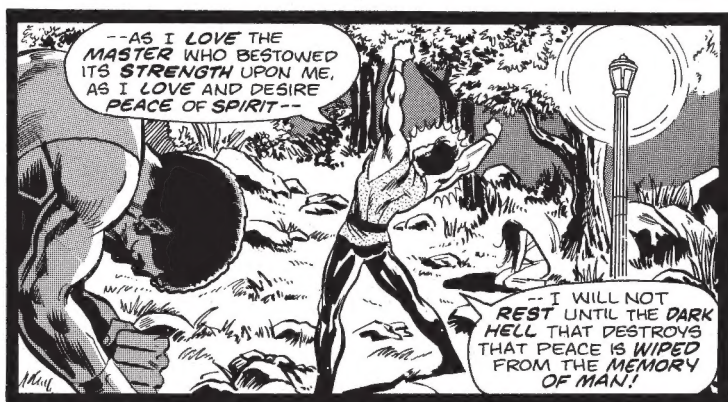
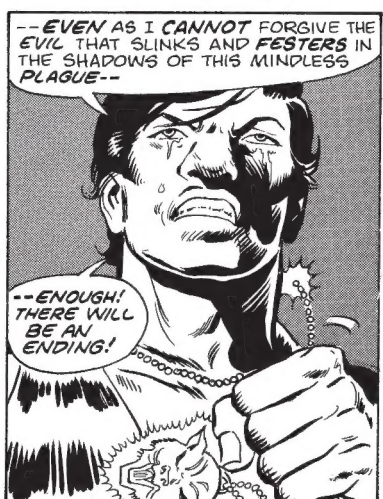
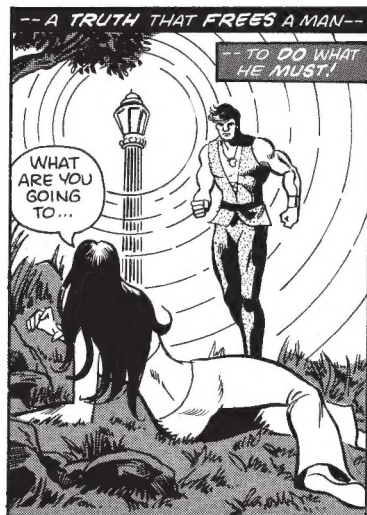












NEXT: SILENT AND UNSEEN THEY PRAY ON ALL THAT IS BEST IN MEN, BLANKETING THE DAY WITH DARKEST EVIL! THEY DWELL WITHIN!



Shadowcat

